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Holland City News

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HOLLAND CITY NEWS.

VOL. XVI.—NO. 47.

HOLLAND, MICH., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1887.

WHOLE NO. 800.

HOLLAND CITY NEWS.

Terms of Subscription
\$1.50 per year if paid in advance; \$1.75 if paid at three months, and \$2.00 if paid at six months.

Notices of Births, Marriages, and Deaths published without charge for subscribers.
All advertising bills collectable quarterly.

Business Locals.

Oysters.

Fresh oysters received daily at the new store of
C. BLOM, JR.

A Drop in Heating Stoves.

In order to close them out we have greatly reduced the price of them. If you are in need of a stove come soon while the assortment is still complete.
R. KANTERS & SONS.

New and fresh goods in the line of candles, fancy goods, smokers' articles for the holiday trade at
C. BLOM, JR.'s.

Christmas!

The finest and choicest Beef and Turkeys can be found at the market of
DE KRAAKER & DE KOSTER.

C. Blom, Jr. has the largest and finest stock of candles and holiday presents in the city. Call and see him in the new store.
47-21

Be sure you visit C. A. Stevenson's jewelry store before you buy your Holiday Presents.
45-41

Go to C. Blom, Jr. for your confectionery, nuts, foreign fruits, etc., and be sure of good fresh goods.
47-21

For your Meat and Turkeys for Christmas call on
46-21 DE KRAAKER & DE KOSTER.

Fresh Bread, Cakes, Cookies, and all goods kept in a first-class Bakery can be had at the new bakery of
47-21 C. BLOM, JR.

N. W. OGDEN pays the market price for Corn and Rye at his mill on Lake Shore. Custom grinding on Tuesdays and Saturdays. Call.
41-2m

Fresh Bakers' Goods at the Bakery of
47-21 C. BLOM, JR.

Just received a large line of Kid and Jersey Gloves, in black and assorted colors, at the Millinery Store of
40- L. & S. VAN DEN BERGE & CO.

Holiday Presents at C. A. Stevenson's Jewelry Store.
45-41

Go and buy your Cloaks and Fur Trimmings at L. & S. VAN DEN BERGE & CO.

A line of beautiful Hats, Fancy Featherers, and a great variety of Hat Ornaments and Trimmings at
40- L. & S. VAN DEN BERGE & CO.

Messrs. De Kraaker & De Koster have made extra arrangements so as to be able to have for sale at their market next week the choicest and finest Beef and Turkeys in the land. If you want something real nice call. DE KRAAKER & DE KOSTER.

LOCAL ITEMS.

A Merry Christmas to all our subscribers.

Last Wednesday was the shortest day of the year.

CHRISTMAS sleigh-rides will be adjourned one short year.

ORDER your New Year's Cards at this office no later than Tuesday next.

It looked last Sunday and Monday as if we were to have an "open winter."

Don't forget to give your wife enough money to buy you a suitable present.

THE fall term of the Public Schools and Hope College closed yesterday, Friday.

Look out for weddings next week. We hear that there will be several in this city.

With the last issue the Saugatuck Commercial started out on its twentieth year.

BORN:—To Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Doty last Wednesday morning, Dec. 21, 1887—a girl.

BLACK Bass were caught with hook and line in Grand River at Grand Haven last week.

THE person who spells Christmas with an X might as well spell New Year's with a Z.

THE Grand Rapids Democrat issued twenty-eight pages for its last Sunday's paper.

THE Saugatuck Commercial says that five steamboats will be built in that village this winter.

THE municipal snow shovel appeared on our streets for the first time this winter last Thursday morning.

MR. AND MRS. W. NIVISON, of Muskegon, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Kleyn this week.

It is not always the longest stocking that receives the most Christmas things. We know from our size.

We trust that our delinquents will present us with the money to discharge their indebtedness to the News.

H. L. ROSIN has our thanks for a bunch of very fine celery of his own raising. It was the best we have had this winter.

THE postoffice will be closed on Monday next except between the hours of 9:30 to 11:30 a. m. and between 2 and 4 p. m.

SEND your friend at a distance a year's subscription to the News. It would make a most welcome Christmas Present.

MR. AND MRS. J. MARION DOESBURG, of Milwaukee, are visiting their parents and friends in this city during the holidays.

JOHN H. DOESBURG, of Ashland, Wis., arrived home on Wednesday night and will spend the winter here with his parents.

THE ladies of Hope Church realized between ninety and one hundred dollars from their Bazaar and entertainment last Tuesday night.

THE person who shall do the most to cheer the hearts of the needy poor will have the merriest Christmas and the happiest New Year.

THE Knights of Labor of this city will hold their semi-annual election of officers on Thursday evening. All members are requested to attend.

REV. H. D. JORDAN assisted Rev. S. D. McKee last week in a protracted meeting at Shelbyville, Mich. Much interest was manifest in the meetings.

WE received a call on Wednesday last from our old friend Mr. G. Vyn, of Havlock, N. C., who is visiting with relatives in this section of Michigan.

THE "Business Locals" contains an announcement of R. Kanters & Sons who desire to dispose of their large and very fine stock of heating stoves.

CHRISTMAS exercises and a tree loaded with presents will be enjoyed by the Sunday School and friends of the Methodist Church this, Saturday, evening.

MRS. C. DOK has applied to the Probate Court for the appointment of a temporary administrator for the estate of her husband who is "absent or missing."

MR. SPENCER WRIGHT, wife, and daughter, of Allegan, are visiting Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Mabbs of this city. Mrs. Mabbs is a daughter of Mr. Wright.

MARRIED:—In this city, on Monday, December 19, 1887, by Rev. H. D. Jordan, Mr. John McCarthy, of Grand Rapids, to Mrs. Emma Edmonson, of Holland.

THE billiard halls of the city must soon take out a license for the conduct of their business and close up at 10 o'clock p. m. The ordinance appears in this issue.

THE semi-annual election of officers of the Y. M. C. A. of Holland City, will take place on Tuesday evening, December 27. All active members are requested to be present.

THE "Liesman Spring" was frozen over during the prevalence of the "cold wave" this week and it will probably remain in that condition for the balance of the winter.

THE German Lutheran Church society will hold services in the Y. M. C. A. rooms to-morrow, Christmas, at 10:30 in the morning. Rev. R. Miller, of Grand Rapids, officiating.

BE sure and have your business card in the News directory. It only costs \$1 and you certainly should contribute that sum for the purpose of having an index to the business of the city.

MARRIED:—On Thursday, December 22, Mr. Frank Van Ry to Miss Maggie Exo, both of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Van Ry have our heartiest wishes for their future happiness and prosperity.

THE next quarterly meeting of the Methodist Church will be held on Saturday, December 31st, and Sunday January 1st, 1888. The services will be conducted by the pastor, Rev. H. D. Jordan.

LIST of letters remaining in the post office at Holland Mich., Dec. 22, 1887: W. D. Brownell, Miss W. Scott, Martin Trion.

J. G. VAN PUTTEN, P. M.

MISS LILLIE CHURCHILL gave a tea party to her little girl friends last Saturday evening and was surprised by a party of boys during the evening. A very pleasant time was enjoyed by the lads and lassies.

THE scene suggestive of Christmas, with Santa Claus decorating the Christmas Tree with all sorts of presents, was the principal attraction in the show window of O. Breyman & Son's jewelry store this week.

THE News office has some very fine samples of New Year's calling cards. All who desire them should call and order by Tuesday next so as to give time to get the cards here and have them printed by January 1, 1888.

A FOURTEEN-year-old son of Mr. C. Genshaw was arrested last Thursday for stealing the money that had been collected in Room No. 8, \$2.63, for the Overweg Fund. Superintendent Hummer is the complaining witness.

THE enterprising boot and shoe dealers, Messrs. Van Duren Bros., will give very pretty and useful slippers to all persons who buy goods of them to the amount of \$1. Call early as the offer only holds good for a short time.

AT the annual meeting of the congregation of Hope Church Messrs. C. A. Dutton and W. Harrington were re-elected as elders, and Mr. W. Brusse as deacon. Mr. W. Z. Bangs was elected as deacon, in the place of Mr. P. H. Wilms.

MR. B. WRECK, of Grand Rapids, called on us this week while visiting old friends in this city. Mr. W. has retired from the Grand Rapids Leather Company and will embark in business for himself in the second city of the state. We wish him abundant success.

LAST week W. H. Horton, of Ventura, says he found a bottle on the shore of Lake Michigan in which was a small slip of paper on which was written "We are sinking," and signed, C. Fisher. Mr. Horton thought it might be genuine and asked us to publish.

EXTRA clerks have been engaged by Dr. W. Van Putten in his drug store to meet his requirements since the people have been seeing the virtues of the Kickapoo remedies. The sales still continue to be large every day and at the present rate will soon reach a million packages.

TICKETS will be sold at Holland to all points on the Chicago & West Mich. R'y; also to Chicago, Kensington, and Michigan City, at one fare for the round trip on Dec. 24, 25, 26, and 31, 1887, and Jan. 1 and 2, 1888. Tickets good going only on date of sale and limited to return not later than Jan. 3, 1888.

THE interior of the Methodist Church has been neatly and handsomely papered and decorated, the work being done by the popular and skillful workmen, J. Dinkeloo and J. Van den Berge. Go and see Santa Claus unload the presents from the Christmas tree to-night and at the same time admire the appearance of the Church.

MRS. HENRIETTA DE BOER, wife of S. De Boer, died last Tuesday evening at the age of sixty-four years. She leaves her husband and five grown children to mourn her loss. The funeral services were held yesterday, Friday, at her late residence, corner River and Twelfth streets, at 1:00 o'clock p. m. and in the Third Reformed Church at 1:30. Undertaker Alberti acted as funeral director.

FOR the benefit of those who are making inquiries by letter and otherwise, about the "Liesman spring," we would say that the spring is not yet fully developed and that if they desire to keep posted on this marvelous water to send \$1.50 to this office and we will send the News one year to their address. The News, of course, will record all developments in the Spring and improvements that are made by Farmer Liesman.

A REPRESENTATIVE of the United States Electric Light Company was in the city on Tuesday and verified what Mr. Bottomley, of the Edison Company, said of the expense of the plant and the cost of running it. The city wants the light, and the people want it, and the sooner the plant is purchased the better it will be for all concerned. A little more active work by the committee would probably satisfy the impatience of many citizens.

LAST week Friday evening a barn belonging to Mr. Visser, who lives about three miles north of the city and next to the track of the Chicago and West Mich. R'y, was burned to the ground. A quantity of hay and straw was also consumed and a young steer was so badly burned that it had to be killed. Mr. Visser and family were away from home at the time of the fire, which is said to have been caused by a spark from a passing locomotive.

THE following are the marriage licences granted for the week ending December 17, 1887: Alonzo Hulse, Hudsonville, age 24; Emma Varney, Dorri, age 18. James E. Purchase, Olive, age 33; Sara Mizener, Grandville, age 26. Chas. T. Gibbs, Polkton, age 72; Martha Jones, Polkton, age 72. Derk Dekker, age 25; Jaantje Dekker, Holland, age 20. Edgar A. Carney, age 23; Eva McLellan, Polkton, age 17. Henry Cramer, Olive, age 21; Cora Klein, Olive, age 16.

WE have laws against fishing with nets in Macatawa Bay; we have a Game Warden; and we have a City ordinance against peddling fish in the streets of Holland. Yet fish are caught with nets in the Bay and are peddled from house to house about the city. Is the Game Warden asleep? Are the "City Fathers" too busy with the question of lighting the city with electricity, and the "Bridge Injunction suit" to attend to so small a matter? Let some one attend to this robbery and attempt to preserve what few fish are left in the Bay.

RECENTLY a party of gentlemen in discussing a quantity of bologna with liquid refreshment, while visiting with a friend in this city, found the tooth of a dog and a portion of a buffalo robe in the favorite German sausage. In justice to Holland City we will say that the sausage was not manufactured here, but was the product of a foreign market. For several days after their experience the sound of an attempted bark from any person would be instantly met with a good wholesome growl. They will all "swear off" (bologna) on New Year's Day.

SHORTLY before noon on Tuesday the thermometer indicated a fall in the temperature of the weather of several degrees and the "old probs." of the community were prophesying a "blizzard" where but a few hours before they were giving the signs and indications which led them to predict an "open winter." The weather continued growing colder and by four o'clock a rain set in which continued drizzling for an hour or two when snow accompanied it. On Wednesday the "blizzard" raged in full force and the "cold wave," which accompanied the snow storm, still prevails.

THE "Overweg Fund" has been increased this week by a collection taken in the Public Schools by Superintendent Hummer. The following was the result: Room No. 1, \$2.40; No. 2, \$2.75; No. 3, \$3.07; No. 4, \$3.17; No. 5, \$3.52; No. 6, \$4.55; No. 7, \$2.38; No. 8, \$2.63; No. 9, \$1.80; No. 10, \$2.80; No. 11, \$2.28; No. 12, \$2.50; Ward School \$2.75. The Fund now stands:
Amount acknowledged last issue. \$ 66 75
Collection of School..... 36 88
De Hope..... 1 85
A Friend..... 1 00
Total.....\$106 48

J. BLOK, one of Zeeland's druggist, was arrested for selling whiskey to an habitual drunkard and was recently tried before Justice Van Loo. He was found guilty of the charge. The matter has gone to the Circuit Court for settlement. The temperance sentiment in Zeeland is growing daily and we understand that another citizen of that village has been arrested on the charge of selling liquor without a licence. Flagrant violations of the existing liquor laws are the main causes of the growing sentiment against whiskey, as it should be, and we predict that it will be but a short time before Zeeland will be one of the strongest temperance towns in the State.

LAST week Friday night, or early Saturday morning, the safe in the freight depot of the Chicago and West Michigan R'y was unsuccessfully "cracked." The burglars effected an entrance to the building through a window, and after drilling a hole through the outside door of the safe they filled the hole with some explosive which blew the heavy iron door clear across the room where it was only stopped by a desk, and not then until it had split a heavy two-inch board which formed the top of the desk. They then worked at the inside doors, but were unable to open them and had to depart without the coveted "awag" inside the safe, which, we are told, only amounted to \$7.01.

MONDAY last the new bakery and confectionery store of C. Blom, Jr. was thrown open to the public. The store which is one of the finest in the city is filled with a large and very select stock of candies, fruits, cigars, and smokers' articles. Mr. Blom has engaged a first-class baker and will have for sale bread, tea rusks, buns and all kinds of bakers' goods, fresh every day. It is his intention to supply the Holland city market with the freshest oysters obtainable and all who want them should call at his place of business. A large advertisement, and several "Business Locals" appear in this issue, which we ask our readers to look over and then give Mr. Blom a call.

WITH this issue of the News the "cards" in our Business Directory expires. It will be remembered that when we started the directory it was our intention to have every business in the city represented in our columns and it was for that reason that we fixed the price of the cards at \$1.00 in order to place it at a figure where all could afford to advertise. We shall run the Directory in our columns for another year, and will to-day send a collector after the \$1.00 and for any changes that may be wanted in "cards." We trust that the tradesmen of Holland City will all, with one accord, help us to show up the number of business houses in the city to the outside public by means of this Directory. The local paper is one of the mouthpieces of a community, and every paper sent abroad should show by its columns that Holland contains over one hundred and thirty business houses. This can be done in no better way than by the Directory which we shall strive to make an index to the mercantile prosperity of the city.

Dire Distress.

A RUMOR was prevalent last week that a family, consisting of several small children, were obliged to live and exist in Holland City in a "hole in the ground" and on the coarsest kind of food. The little ones were going about scantily clothed and with no shoes and stockings on their feet. This story of suffering and neglect in this christian community excited no little comment, and caused an investigation to be made by a worthy citizen who stated that there was more truth in it than he had expected. The children, he said, go into the cellar to sleep in order to keep warm, and a little girl was clothed only in a thin calico dress and an apron, barely covering her nakedness, and that while the children were not exactly barefooted, they were nearly so. The father, a dissolute and diseased man, unable to work, cannot provide for his offspring, and for some reason he is not on the poor list of the city. The children need care and should have it. The father should be made to dispose of a quantity of salable articles which he clings to with a tenacity, which would lead to the suspicion that he is a monomaniac, in order to provide for them, or the authorities should place the little ones where they will be properly cared for and their future made brighter than it is at present.

CHURCH ITEMS.

HOPE REFORMED CHURCH:—Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Young People's meeting at 6:30 p. m. Rev. Thomas Walker Jones, pastor. Christmas sermons morning and evening. Congregational singing. Opening anthems by the choir. Praise and prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m. All are welcome.

METHODIST E. CHURCH:—Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Subjects: Morning, "The Birth of Christ." Evening, "Christian Activity." All are welcome and the seats are free.

Y. M. C. A.—Meetings every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Rooms: Over Jonkman & Dykema's Clothing Store.

Holland City News.

HOLLAND CITY, MICHIGAN.

THE WIDE WORLD.

A Catalogue of the Week's Important Occurrences Concisely Summarized.

Intelligence by Electric Wire from Every Quarter of the Civilized World.

LATEST DISPATCHES.

DISCUSSING A REDUCTION.

A Plan to Cut Down the Revenue \$62,000,000.

THE Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune telegraphs as follows:

A so-called Administration plan for tariff reduction is being discussed to-day. It is not yet in the shape of a bill, and is only thrown out as a "feeler," consisting mainly of figures furnished at the Treasury Department. According to this plan \$62,000,000 is set down as the amount of revenue to be cut off, of which \$12,000,000 is to come from adding salt, lumber, wool and coal to the free list, and the other \$50,000,000 will come from reduced duties on various manufactured articles, including iron and woolen goods. Although a bill containing these features has not actually been drawn, it is certain that one something like it will be presented as representing the views of the Administration. The President does not look with favor upon a reduction of any other revenues than those derived from customs duties, and the bill presented by those who represent him will not include anything which looks like taking the tax from tobacco. A dozen schemes for reduction are being discussed, but while the one proposing the reduction of \$62,000,000 from customs duties possibly comes nearest representing the President's view none of them has been officially stamped the "administration bill."

SULLIVAN WANTS TO FIGHT.

Smith or Kilrain Challenged for \$5,000 a Side.

A LONDON dispatch says that "John L. Sullivan has issued a challenge to Smith or Kilrain for \$5,000 a side. The news of the fight between Kilrain and Smith spread with lightning rapidity in London, and in a short while the streets in front of the newspaper offices were jammed with an excited, howling mob. The crowds yelled for particulars, and pushed and hauled each other in an effort to get nearer the bulletins in an indescribable manner. The result disgusted many of Smith's admirers, who believed that their man would make short work of Kilrain."

RIDDLEBERGER'S SUCCESSOR.

John S. Barbour Chosen United States Senator from Virginia.

A RICHMOND (Va.) telegram says that a vote for United States Senator to succeed Mr. Riddleberger was taken in the general assembly, with the following result: Senate—The Hon. John S. Barbour, 26; Gen. William Mahone, 13. House—Barbour, 61; Mahone, 35. There was only one absentee in the Senate and four in the House.

The Theobae-Carlisle Contest.

THE House Committee on Elections was called together to fix a date for the consideration of the Theobae-Carlisle contested-election case, says a Washington dispatch. J. Hale Sypher appeared as counsel for the contestant, and announced that he was ready to proceed with the case. Mr. Theodore Hallam of Covington, Ky., who represented the Speaker, stated that Mr. Carlisle desired a speedy settlement of the contest. Inasmuch as a bare quorum was present the committee did not feel disposed to begin the consideration of the case at once, and after a short discussion settled upon Friday, Jan. 6, as the date for taking it up.

TO KEEP OUT THE BELGIANS.

Representative Brumm's Resolution Against the Importation of Foreign Miners—Appointments by the President.

MR. CALL called up in the Senate on the 20th inst. his resolution to print the memorial of the Utah Constitutional Convention in the Record and asked that it be adopted. Mr. Edmunds preferred that the resolution be referred to the Committee on Territories, which now had jurisdiction of the matter. This gave rise to a warm debate between the two Senators, in which both finally joined, and Utah affairs for two or three hours occupied the attention of the Senate. Numerous petitions from various States were presented in favor of Mr. Blair's educational bill, and also a petition from citizens of Pennsylvania protesting against the admission of Utah as a State. Mr. Allison, from the Committee on Finance, reported a bill to regulate the importation of foreign merchandise and to secure uniformity in the classification thereof. Mr. Teller, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported a bill to quiet the title of settlers on the Des Moines river lands, Mr. Davis, from the committee on pensions, reported a bill to place the name of Mrs. Logan, widow of Gen. John A. Logan, on the pension roll at the rate of \$2,000 a year, and asked for its immediate consideration. The President has sent the following nominations to the Senate: Frank G. Hoyle to be appraiser of merchandise in the district of Chicago. Stephen A. De Wolf to be associate justice of the Supreme court of the territory of Montana. E. Henry Leasombe, of New York, to be additional Circuit Judge for the Second Judicial Circuit. Edward P. Bligham, of Ohio, to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. Martin V. Montgomery, of Michigan, to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. Wm. J. Allen to be United States District Judge for the Southern District of Illinois. Newton W. McConnell of Tennessee, to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Montana. To be Attorneys for the United States: Emory B. Sellers, District of Indiana; George E. Fitchett, District of Nebraska; George S. Peters, District of Nevada; Whitaker M. Grant of Iowa, District of Alaska. To be Marshals of the United States: James K. Jordan, Western District of Virginia; William M. Nixon, Eastern District of Tennessee; James W. Myers, District of Oregon. Mr. Brumm (Pa.) offered a preamble and resolution reciting that it is currently reported that the coal operators in the Lehigh region are now importing or are about to import 2,000 Belgian miners under contract to take the place of the miners now on strike in that section, and requested the President to notify the officials of the Treasury Department of these facts, and urge them to use special efforts to prevent the landing of the Belgian miners and to see that the law against the importation of labor under contract is strictly enforced. Referred to the Committee on Labor.

CURRENT EVENTS.

EAST.

THE jury in the case of Mrs. Robinson who was charged with having poisoned several of her children in Boston, was unable to agree.

THE converting, blooming, and rail departments of the Edgar Thomson Steel Works, at Braddock, Pa., have been closed down, throwing several thousand men out of work.

AT Ballston Spa, N. Y., S. S. Crandall, formerly a lawyer and real-estate broker in Troy, shot his wife, his mother-in-law, Mrs. S. S. Stone, his step-daughter, Julia Bulkley, and himself. All are dead but his wife, and she is dying. He had a controversy with his wife over money matters. His wife was the divorced wife of Crandall's former legal associate. Crandall was once a candidate for Sheriff of Washington County and was defeated. He was extravagant in his habits. His wife had money and the quarrel was over its control.

WEST.

A HOTEL at Crescent, near Los Angeles Cal., was blown down by a storm. Two persons were killed, and fourteen others badly injured.

A NATURAL gas-well has been struck at Fairview, near Santa Ana, Cal.

THE extensive plant of the United States Rolling Stock Company will be removed from Urbana, Ohio, to Decatur, Ill.

THERE is a coal famine in Western Kansas, and \$12.50 per ton is readily paid for an inferior quality, and very little to be had at that price.

STERLING P. ROUNDS, President of the Omaha Republican Newspaper Company, died in that city a few days ago. He had been ill ten days from pneumonia, but his death was directly due to heart disease.

Sterling Parker Rounds was a native of Vermont and was born in June, 1828. He learned the printer's trade in Burlington, Vt., where he went to Basine, Wis., where he started a weekly paper. He was married in Racine Dec. 8, 1850, and has three sons and two daughters living. One daughter is the wife of O. H. Rothaker, the journalist. After his marriage Mr. Rounds removed to Milwaukee and started the News as a weekly paper. He afterward went to Chicago and opened a large job printing office on State street, in company with James J. Langdon. They were burned out by the fire, but opened an office soon after on Monroe street, where they continued business until their failure five years later. In 1882 Mr. Rounds was appointed public printer by President Garfield, and held the office until the coming of the present administration. A year in September, he bought the Omaha Republican, and has lived there since. His father is still living at Eureka, Wis. He has a brother in Milwaukee and a sister at Aurora, Ill.

THE Denver, Utah and Pacific Railroad shops at Denver were wrecked by the explosion of a boiler, a locomotive and all the machinery being ruined. The loss, \$60,000, is covered by insurance.

THE bodies of the anarchists, Spies, Parsons, Fischer, Engel, and Lingg, were interred on Sunday at Waldheim Cemetery, Chicago, in the presence of about two thousand people. Before the burial the faces of the dead men were exposed to view, and for an hour a steady stream of their friends and sympathizers passed by the coffins. The ceremonies passed off without disturbance of any kind. Four addresses were delivered—two in German and two in English.

By an explosion in a coal mine at Fleming, Kansas, three men were killed.

SEVERAL persons are reported to have been killed and others injured by a cyclone which passed through portions of Indian Territory and Arkansas Saturday.

SOUTH.

A SPECIAL from Meridian, Miss., says that Mrs. Fanny Husbands, of Smith County, while traveling to her brother's house, some miles from her own home, was assaulted by a negro and robbed. After committing the robbery the negro cut out the lady's tongue. Mrs. Husbands recognized the negro and wrote his name, so that he would be arrested.

AT Columbia, Hempstead County, Ark., Charles Whitsett, a half-witted boy, aged 13, went out walking with his young brother, aged 9, and his sister, aged 6. He returned home alone, and informed his mother he had killed them, showing a large knife with which he had done the deed. Investigation found the boy and girl stretched out in pools of blood, with their heads cut off.

A boiler in a saw-mill at Tilton, Ga., exploded while all the hands were around the furnace doors warming themselves. Five men were instantly killed and a boy was seriously injured. The bodies were frightfully mutilated, two being cut entirely in twain.

WASHINGTON.

THE President sent a message to Congress last week advising an acceptance by this Government of an invitation from the British Government to take part in an international exhibition to be held at Melbourne, and of another from the Spanish Government to participate in an exposition which is to be held at Barcelona.

POLITICS.

THERE were 1,353 delegates present at the convention of Republican clubs which met in Chickering Hall, New York, Dec. 16, and 350 clubs were represented. Seventy-five additional clubs were accredited but not represented. The early proceedings of the convention were presided over by Temporary Chairman Daniel J. Ryan. As the roll of the clubs was called, the names of the old party leaders were cheered, especially the name of Blaine, although it was noticeable that the Ohio delegation did not join in this demonstration. Resolutions favoring coast defenses and the distribution of the tobacco and whisky taxes among the States were offered and referred. A resolution offered by Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio, denouncing L. Q. C. Lamar, and declaring that he ought not to be elevated to the Supreme bench, caused a sensation. Senator Evans was made permanent chairman.

THE Convention of Republican Clubs at New York completed its labors on Saturday and adjourned. Mr. James P. Foster,

President of the New York Republican Club, was elected President of the newly created National League. The resolution against the confirmation of Mr. Lamar was tabled.

THE Missouri Supreme Court has declared what is known as the Wood local-option law to be constitutional. The effect of this will be to give the temperance movement in the State additional impetus, and elections will no doubt be speedily held on the "wet" or "dry" question in all the counties in the State that have not already taken such action. St. Louis will also vote on the question.

FOREIGN.

A CABLE dispatch from London says: "The persistent optimism which has all along prevailed in the English Foreign Office regarding the prospects of European war has at last disappeared. The tenor of the dispatches now received from the English representatives on the Continent distinctly shows that aggressive preparations are being pushed to the utmost on the German and Austrian frontiers and that everything is in readiness for an invasion of Poland. It is very doubtful, now, whether any pretense of humanity that may be made by Russia, or any attempt at a diplomatic procrastination can long prevent wholesale execution of the hostile plan which has been fully agreed on by the allies to weaken and despoil her on her southern and western borders."

ST. PETERSBURG advices say that the War Department is supplying the troops with special ammunition pouches for Berdan rifles, which will enable each man to fire fourteen shots per minute. The projected alteration in the rifle was abandoned, so the dispatches say, because, in view of the gravity of the situation, it was thought there would not be sufficient time to make the change.

THE prize-fight between Jake Kilrain, of Baltimore, and Jem Smith, of England, for the diamond belt and the championship of the world took place on an island in the River Seine, near Paris, and resulted in a draw. Kilrain fought at 184 pounds and Smith at 180 pounds, a heavier weight than he has fought at heretofore. It was a lively and energetic battle for the first three rounds—a quick give-and-take, with close sparring. In the fourth round Kilrain got in, giving Smith a mash on the ear, which appeared to stun him. In the wrestling which formed a feature of a number of succeeding rounds Smith was no match for the American. He had the worst of every fall, Kilrain each time coming down heavily on his prostrate foe. Though Smith had the worst of the falls, he fought splendidly under great difficulties, and was as fresh as Kilrain when darkness stopped the fight at 4:45.

GENERAL.

SENATOR VOORHEES, in an interview, said he would oppose a reduction of the tax on spirits, but would favor a reduction on tobacco except cigars and cigarettes.

FOR eleven months of the present year the passengers from Canada to the United States numbered 65,621, against 48,587 in the corresponding period of 1896. Immigration to Canada shows a comparative reduction of 171,330.

THE steamer Etruria, which arrived in Queenstown from New York, made the trip in six days and two hours, which is the fastest time on record.

ST. JOHN (N. B.) dispatches give particulars of a shocking railway disaster in the northern part of the province. An engine and snow-plow on the Caraquette Railway was thrown from a bridge, carrying down thirteen men, of whom eight were drowned before they could be rescued. The water was not over six feet deep, but it was so covered with snow and ice that only the top of the engine was visible. The heartrending cries of the unfortunate men nerved the onlookers to immediate action, and many a heroic deed was done which will never be recorded. Regardless of their lives, brave fishermen plunged into the river and worked for hours in the hope of saving the lives of the unfortunate, but of the thirteen who started only five were saved. Eight poor fellows were buried beneath the engine. The five men rescued were all terribly bruised, but it is expected they will recover.

MARKET REPORTS.

NEW YORK.		
CATTLE.....	\$1.50	@ 6.00
HOGS.....	5.00	@ 5.50
WHEAT—No. 1 White.....	.92	@ .92½
No. 2 Red.....	.89	@ .90
CORN—No. 2.....	.63	@ .63
OATS—White.....	.38	@ .43
POKE—New Mess.....	15.25	@ 15.75
CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Choice to Prime Steers.....	5.50	@ 6.50
Good.....	4.00	@ 4.75
Common to Fair.....	3.50	@ 4.00
HOGS—Shipping Grades.....	5.00	@ 5.75
FLOUR—Winter.....	3.75	@ 4.75
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter.....	.75	@ .78
CORN—No. 2.....	.46	@ .49
OATS—No. 2.....	.31	@ .31½
BUTTER—Choice Creamery.....	.20	@ .30
CHEESE—Fine Dairy.....	.20	@ .31
EGGS—Fresh.....	.11½	@ .12½
POTATOES—Choice, per bu.....	.20	@ .21
POKE—Mess.....	14.75	@ 15.25
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—Cash.....	.74	@ .75
CORN—No. 2.....	.40	@ .49½
OATS—No. 2 White.....	.33	@ .33½
RYE—No. 1.....	.60	@ .63
POKE—Mess.....	15.00	@ 15.50
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	.80	@ .81
CORN—Mixed.....	.46½	@ .47
OATS—Cash.....	.30½	@ .31
POKE—Mess.....	14.50	@ 15.00
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—Cash.....	.63½	@ .64½
CORN—May.....	.43½	@ .44
OATS—Cash.....	.32	@ .33½
DETROIT.		
BEEF CATTLE.....	3.75	@ 4.75
HOGS.....	4.25	@ 5.00
SH. EP.....	4.00	@ 5.00
WHEAT—No. 1 White.....	.85	@ .86
CORN—No. 2.....	.54	@ .54½
OATS—No. 2 White.....	.34	@ .35
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	.85	@ .85½
CORN—No. 2.....	.53½	@ .54½
OATS—No. 2.....	.31	@ .35
POKE—Mess.....	14.75	@ 15.25
LIVE HOGS.....	5.25	@ 5.75
BUFFALO.		
CATTLE.....	4.50	@ 5.50
HOGS.....	5.00	@ 5.75
WHEAT—No. 1 White.....	.89	@ .90
CORN—No. 2 Yellow.....	.58½	@ .59
INDIANAPOLIS.		
BEEF CATTLE.....	3.50	@ 5.00
HOGS.....	5.00	@ 5.75
WHEAT.....	3.00	@ 3.75
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	.82	@ .82½
CORN.....	.52	@ .52½
OATS—Mixed.....	.32	@ .33
LIBERTY.		
CATTLE—Prime.....	4.00	@ 4.50
Fair.....	3.25	@ 3.75
Common.....	2.00	@ 3.50
HOGS.....	5.25	@ 5.75
SHEEP.....	4.50	@ 5.00

NATIONAL LAW-MAKERS.

What Is Being Done by the National Legislature.

SENATOR BUTLER introduced in the Senate, on the 15th inst., a bill, framed by the National Association of Railway Conductors, to license conductors. It provides that no railroad shall employ any person as a railroad conductor upon any train engaged in interstate commerce unless the person is licensed as provided by the act. Senator George introduced a bill to protect employees and servants engaged in foreign and interstate commerce, which provides that they shall be entitled to receive damages for any injury sustained through the carelessness, neglect, or unskillful act or omission of their employers or masters, or of their fellow-servants engaged on the same service. Senator Stewart addressed the Senate in support of his certificate bill. A bill was introduced by Mr. Plumb to forfeit lands granted to the State of Michigan for a railroad from Marquette to Ontonagon, and another by Mr. Palmer to increase to \$2,000,000 the limit of the appropriation for public building at Detroit, Mich. The House was not in session.

In the House of Representatives, on the 16th inst., Mr. Hatch, of Missouri, submitted a concurrent resolution that when the two houses adjourn on Monday, Dec. 19, they stand adjourned until Thursday, Jan. 5. Mr. Reed, of Maine, opposed the resolution. He said Congress was pressed upon by a serious public duty, which was the reduction of a surplus which was coming into the Treasury in a manner calculated, under the management of the Treasury Department, to be an embarrassment to the finances of the country. All were agreed—at least on the Republican side—that this surplus should be reduced, and the Republicans stood ready now to make one reduction to which the other side was agreed, and that was in reference to the tobacco tax. He hoped that an opportunity would be given them by the powers that be, or were to be, to vote thereon and show to the country some proper disposition in this regard. If the gentlemen on the other side found it somewhat difficult to range themselves alongside of the recent message, which had been sent them, that the Republicans could well understand and could give their assurances of most profound sympathy. Mr. Cox of New York, commented on what he termed the sudden conversion of the gentleman from Maine. He did not think that there had been such a sudden conversion since the time of Saul of Tarsus. [Laughter.] He could not see the time when the most eminent men on the other side had insisted upon the reduction of the tariff to prevent the accumulation of a surplus. Among the rest had been the gallant man from Maine with the white plume. Among them had been Frye and Hale, insisting in the reduction of the tax on well understood and except lumber. He would like to see other articles, except lumber. He regarded this fiscal question as outside of politics. It was a business question in every sense of the word. There were members of Congress from Republican States like Minnesota demanding the reduction of taxes, but this could not be general by picking out one article. It must be general, and stable and permanent. He hoped that when a tariff bill was considered all parties would unite and act for the best interests of the whole people, and not for aggrandizement of one man or one set of men, or one party. Mr. Mills of Texas asked as a substitute for Mr. Hatch's resolution that the House should adjourn on Thursday, Dec. 22, and stand adjourned until Wednesday, Jan. 4. Mr. Hatch accepted the substitute, and the resolution as modified was agreed to.

SENATOR SHERMAN offered a motion in the Senate on the 19th inst., that the President's message and accompanying documents be referred to the Committee on Finance, and gave notice that after the holidays he would address the Senate on the subject. Mr. Pugh offered the following resolution, and proceeded to address the Senate in support of it: "Resolved, That the most important and pressing duty of the present session of Congress is to revise and so amend existing internal tax and tariff laws as to reduce the annual revenues to be collected by the Government, and no more than the Federal Government, and no more than its obligations under the laws of Congress without crippling or deranging any American industry or business or interests connected with the subjects of tariff taxation, or interfering with the rights of American working people, intended to be secured in the joint resolution of effects of revenue duties, to share in the joint product of the labor and capital employed in American mining and manufacturing industries to be full measure of the difference in the cost of their labor and the labor of those engaged in similar industries in Europe. Resolved, That the Senate will concur in no joint resolution for the final adjournment of the present session of Congress until after the passage of such remedial laws as are specified in the foregoing resolution." A bill was introduced by Senator Stewart providing for the appointment of a Chief Justice and two Associate Justices, to sit at Washington, and have jurisdiction to hear and decide contested land cases. In the House the Speaker announced the appointment of the Committee on Rules, as follows: The Speaker, Messrs. Randall, Mills, Reed, and Cannon.

Aphorisms.

Do not seem what you are not.
An ounce of conviction is worth a pound of coercion.
The true way to be happy is to make others happy.

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.
One day is worth three to him who does everything in order.

If you are not wiser at the end of the day, that day is lost.

The credit gained by a lie lasts only until the truth comes out.

Dignity does not consist in possessing honors, but in deserving them.

It is something to be good; but it is far finer to be good for something.

If you cannot speak well of your neighbors do not speak of them at all.

There is a sufficient recompense in the very consciousness of a noble deed.

FARMERS do not seem to realize how important it is to save and properly apply poultry droppings. When carefully saved, twenty-five pounds will furnish sufficient to manure an acre of corn, producing an effect equal to that of the best commercial fertilizer. Poultry manure is identical in action with guano, both being very rich in ammonia, and therefore powerful plant stimulants. For this reason it is not safe to use the droppings without first mixing them with other substances, such as pulverized clay, dry loam, or land plaster. The plan for saving them commonly adopted in New England is a good one. It is to have a platform of boards under the roof on which they collect, and from which they are gathered daily or weekly and preserved dry in barrels or bins until desired for use. The platform should be sprinkled with dry earth each time the droppings are removed. In order to prepare them for use they may be passed through a sieve of one-quarter inch mesh, and mixed with two parts of dry earth, or if plaster is used mix with equal parts of plaster. A handful of this home-made fertilizer applied to a hill of corn or potatoes will give it such a send-off that the effect will be visible throughout the season. It may be dropped directly on potatoes, but for corn we think it best to spread it on the hill after planting. It is good also for all garden truck, especially for such crops as are to be forced for early market. Let farmers think of this and see if they cannot reduce their bill for artificial fertilizers, and at the same time obtain a much more reliable article than that which they have been accustomed to buy.

MICHIGAN AFFAIRS.

—A delegation of Emmett County Indians has gone to Washington to effect a settlement of money claims with the Government.

—The Jackson gas well is now down 2,455 feet, and work has been suspended for the purpose of overhauling the long drill rope.

—The Adrian College Athletic Association will organize a foot-ball team and a base-ball nine, and arrange for various athletic sports.

—A vegetable evaporating company, working under a new process, will go into business at Jackson. The scheme, aside from certain processes which are yet held secret, is a simple one, viz.: To evaporate and grind to a powder vegetables of all kinds. It is claimed that by this process vegetables can be carried to the Arctic regions, and kept fresh there for an indefinite time.

—The Intercollegiate Alumnae Association of Northwestern Michigan closed its sixth annual session in Adrian. Over forty delegates, representing women graduates of twelve colleges, were present. Louise Reede, of Lowell University, was elected President. The most important action was the establishment of a fellowship in Michigan University for women graduates of colleges. It pays \$350 a year. The women of the Alumnae Association raised the amount, and it will be ready for use on the opening of the university next year.

The Menominee Democrat says: In Stephenson Township there lives a woman about 40 years of age, who in her young days got married and became the mother of two daughters. Her husband served in the war of the rebellion, and was killed. Then she married again, and had four children by her second husband. Trouble of some kind arose in the family, and they were divorced. Some time afterward the man married his divorced wife's eldest daughter by her first husband, and they have several children. The divorced wife lived under the same roof for some time with her married daughter, who had taken her place and assumed charge of the household, but finally got married to her third husband. Now, what relation will her children by her third husband be to the children of the daughter by her second husband?

—A short time ago the superintendent at Washington of the free delivery system of mails ordered the removal of all mail-boxes that were stationed above the first floor of buildings. Soon after this order was promulgated letters were received in Detroit by the owners of some of the buildings affected from the manufacturers of a patent chute, by means of which letters may be dropped from any floor of a high building into a box stationed at a point convenient of access for the postman. This occurring so closely after the order of the department aroused a suspicion in certain quarters there that there was collusion of some kind, and some of the proprietors declare they will have no chute in theirs. One of the owners of buildings affected said recently: "It looks very much as though the order had gone forth for the benefit of the company owning this chute, else how could they have been able to follow up the matter so closely. The boxes placed in the second story of large office buildings are a convenience for perhaps fifty men in each building. It is an inconvenience only for one mail-carrier, who is paid for doing the work."

—The recent murder of Mrs. Finn by her husband, Larry Finn, at Marquette, proves to have been a most brutal tragedy. The rough board shanty, formerly a stable, in which the family was living, bears evidence of the desperate struggle which took place there before the woman gave up her life. All the dishes were broken, the teapot, which she evidently seized as a weapon of defense, is crushed in, while on the blood-covered floor were found the pieces of the heavy iron tea-kettle with which Finn killed her, no axe being used, as first reported. Some quarrel arose at the supper table. Finn seized a butcher-knife and attacked his wife with it. In her attempt to save herself from the blows her hands were cut and the left hand was pierced by the knife. She then rushed for the shed door, leaving the bloody prints of the wounded hand there, while the knife was being thrust into her back. He seems to have dragged her back to the kitchen door, and to have seized the iron tea-kettle, filled with boiling water, crushing in her skull with it. The boiling water scalded his right hand and arm horribly, and, crazed with pain, he pounded her head with the kettle until he broke it into small pieces, and had smashed her face and neck into a hideous mangled mass of blood, flesh and hair, bearing no resemblance to a human being. Her cries of "murder" were heard by neighbors not 100 feet away, but, as they say, "rows were so frequent in that house and yells so common that they did not feel like interfering." The murderer, still in his blood-covered clothes, with his face cut and bruised, and his right hand almost cooked, was interviewed. He talked freely, but professed to know nothing of how he came in jail. He showed no feeling, and, though not before told of the death of his wife, evidently knew it. When told he was as unconcerned as if it were a matter of no interest to him whatever.

HOLLAND CITY NEWS.

WILLIAM H. ROGERS, Editor.

SATURDAY, DEC. 24, 1887.

READER, have you read this paper two, three or four years without paying for it? If so, how in the name of common sense do you think we paid for the paper, printing, etc., or do you think we stole or like you dead-beated it. Give this a second thought and then like a man come in and pay it.

THE Grand Rapids Democrat of Thursday morning says: "Mrs. Louisa Gates, of Holland, slipped and fell on the stone walk on Monroe street in front of Herpolsheimer's store yesterday afternoon, sustaining an injury to the hip. She was taken to the Union depot by the patrol and placed on the Holland train."

THE NEWS is never late, but we can appreciate the following excuse offered by a Nebraska editor who occasionally was: "Our paper is two days late this week owing to an accident to our press. When we started to run the edition Wednesday night, as usual, one of the guy-ropes gave way, allowing the forward gilderfluke to fall and break as it struck the flunker-flopper. This, of course, as any one who knows anything about a press will readily understand, left the gang-plank with only the flip-flap to support it, which also dropped and broke off the wrapper-chock. This loosened the flucking from between the ramrod and the flibber-snatcher, which also caused trouble. The report that the delay was caused by overindulgence in intoxicating stimulants by ourselves is a tissue of falsehoods, the peeled appearance of our right eye being caused by our going into the hatchway of the press in our anxiety to start it, and pulling the coupling pin after the slap-bang was broken, which caused the dingus to rise up and welt us in the optic. We expect a brand new gilderfluke on this afternoon's train."

[OFFICIAL.]
Common Council.

HOLLAND, Mich., Dec. 20th, 1887.

The Common Council met in regular session and was called to order by the mayor.

Present: Mayor McBride, Ald. Carr, De Vries, Steketee, Kramer, Kulte, Van Ark, and the Clerk.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Mrs. M. Markie, Mrs. L. Reitsema, Mrs. E. De Kok, Mrs. J. H. Te Slegte, Mrs. K. Van Rysel and Mrs. E. Blom petitioned the council to remit their taxes.—Referred to the Committee on Poor.

The following bills were presented for payment, viz: J. Klassen, 1½ days work on culverts, \$1.50; J. Louwis, 4 days work on culverts and bridge, \$4.00; M. Van Den Nagel, ½ days work on bridge, 50 cents; J. B. Van Oort, spikes, \$1.95; G. Van Putten & Sons, 6 blankets for jail at 75 cents, \$4.50; City Treasurer, special tax of the city, \$466.98; H. Walsh, service as member of the Harbor Board 1 day, \$1; K. Schaddelee, service as member of the Harbor Board 2 days, \$2; P. Root, service Board of Assessors 8 special ass't rolls, \$23.00; G. J. Van Duren service Board of Assessors 8 special ass't rolls, \$23.00; Geo. H. Sipp, service Board of Assessors 8 special ass't rolls, \$23.00; W. W. Noble, lighting lamps for term ending Dec. 19, '87, \$25.00; A. B. Bosman, stove, pipe, zinc, and repairing old stove, \$38.00; B. Looyengood, 1 days labor on sidewalks, \$1.25; Boot & Kramer, matches for W. W. Noble, \$1.35; J. De Feyter, freight and drayage on hose, \$1.42; Steketee & Bos, paid four poor orders, \$6.00; H. Vaupell, paid one poor order, \$1.65; A. Steketee, paid four poor orders, \$12.00.

Ald. De Vries moved that all the bills, be allowed, excepting bill of city treasurer for special city taxes, and warrants issued on the city treasurer for the several amounts, that the bill of the city treasurer be referred to the committee on claims and accounts.—Carried.

The Committee on Poor reported presenting the semi-monthly report of the director of the poor and said committee, recommending \$39.00 for the support of the poor for the two weeks ending January 4th, 1888, and having extended temporary aid to the amount of \$1.65.—Adopted and warrants ordered issued on the city treasurer for the several amounts as recommended.

The Chairman of the Committee on Fire Department verbally reported that the hose, hose menders, and swivel handle play pipes ordered November 1st, 1887, had been received.—Filed.

The Committee on Public Buildings and Property reported as follows:

GENTLEMEN:—Your Committee on Public Buildings and Property beg leave to report, that they have examined the Iron Cages put up in the Holland City Jail by the Van Dorn Iron Works, and we further report that said cages have been put up according to the terms of a contract entered into between said city and the Van Dorn Iron Works, Dated the 10th day of October, 1887, and we do hereby recommend that the price agreed upon be paid according to the terms of said contract. Signed, Jacob Kulte, Dirk De Vries and B. Steketee, committee.

On motion of Ald. De Vries the report was adopted and a warrant ordered issued on the city treasurer in payment thereof. Yeas: Carr, De Vries, Steketee, Kramer, Kulte and Van Ark, 6. Nays, none.

The City Marshal reported the collection of \$38.80 water fund moneys and receipt of the city treasurer.—Filed.

Mr. K. Schaddelee, secretary of the Harbor Board, reported receipt of the city treasurer for \$79.99 harbor fund money

paid into the general fund of the city.—Filed.

The following bills having been approved by the Board of Water Commissioners were certified to the Common Council for payment, viz: F. O. Nye, paid telephone charges, \$2.35; J. De Feyter, drayage on oil to water works, 25cts; J. De Feyter, drayage on gate to A. Huntley's shop, 25cts; A. B. Bosman, stove, stove pipe and zinc, \$21.50.—Allowed and warrants ordered issued on the city treasurer in payment thereof.

The secretary of Hose Co. No. 1, reported the election of John Koning and John De Graaf as members of said company subject to the approval of the Common Council.—Approved.

The Clerk reported that, on the 7th day of December, 1887, pursuant to resolution of the Common Council there was issued to Gabriel Van Putten, Assignee of P. Koning, Contractor for graveling South Cedar Street, a warrant on the city treasurer for \$253.55, and a certificate of indebtedness of \$92.97, payable February 1st, 1888, said sums being the contract price for graveling said street district; also reported that, on the 7th day of December, 1887, pursuant to resolution of the Common Council there was issued to Gabriel Van Putten, Assignee of P. Koning, contractor for improving, grading, and graveling Seventh street, warrants on the city treasurer amounting to \$1,397.50, and a certificate of indebtedness of \$442.95, payable February 1st, 1888, said sums being the contract price for the improvement of said street, excepting the sum of \$10.00 withheld until the whole work is completed.

Ald. De Vries pursuant to notice given at a previous meeting introduced an ordinance entitled, an ordinance to regulate and license billiard halls, and places where bowling alleys, billiard tables, pigeon hole tables, or other tables, are kept for sport, hire, charge or reward. Said ordinance was read a first and second time by its title and on motion of Ald. Steketee the rules were suspended and the ordinance placed on the third reading of bills.

Said above entitled ordinance was read a third time and on motion of Ald. Steketee passed by yeas and nays as follows: Yeas: Carr, De Vries, Steketee, Kramer, Kulte and Van Ark.—6 Nays, none. Council adjourned.

Geo. H. Sipp, City Clerk.

From Philadelphia, Pa.—I am selling more of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup than all other cough remedies combined, and the demand is still increasing. B. J. C. To-boldt, Druggist, 257 S. Second St.

"There's such divinity doth hedge a king that treason" fears to touch him. But rheumatism is no respecter of persons, and Royalty would do well to patronize Salvation Oil, the great pain cure.

An Ordinance

To regulate and license Billiard Halls, and places where Bowling Alleys, Billiard Tables, Pigeon Hole Tables, or other tables, are kept for sport, hire, charge or reward.

The City of Holland Ordains: SECTION 1. No person shall keep a bowling alley, billiard table, pigeon hole table, or other table for sport, for hire, charge or reward. In the City of Holland, without a license therefor from the Common Council. SEC. 2. Every person desiring to keep a bowling alley, billiard table, pigeon hole table or other table, for hire, charge or reward in the City of Holland, shall make application therefor to the Common Council of said city. Such application shall be signed by the applicant and shall designate the street and building in which the business is to be carried on.

SEC. 3. After the granting of such application by the Common Council of said city, and before a license shall be issued, the applicant or applicants shall execute a bond, in the penal sum of one thousand dollars, with one or more sufficient sureties to be approved by the Mayor, conditioned upon a faithful observance of all the requirements of the Charter and Ordinances of the City of Holland relative to bowling alleys, billiard tables, pigeon hole tables, and other tables kept for sport, for hire, charge or reward, and upon the payment of all fines imposed, and costs thereof, assessed upon him or her, according to law, for any violation of any of the provisions of this ordinance.

Such applicant or applicants shall also, before such license shall be issued, pay into the treasury of the City of Holland, the sum of twenty-five dollars per annum, and the sum of fifteen dollars for six months or less, as a license fee for the privilege of engaging in said business, and shall take a receipt therefor from the treasurer of said city. No license shall be issued beyond the first Monday of June next thereafter.

SEC. 4. Upon the presentation to the Clerk of said city of the bond, heretofore provided for, duly executed and approved by the Mayor, and the receipt of the treasurer of said city for said license fee, the said clerk shall issue to such applicant, or applicants, a license under the seal of the city. Such license shall be signed by the Mayor, or acting Mayor, and be countersigned by said clerk. The city clerk shall keep a copy, or record, of every such license issued.

SEC. 5. No person licensed by the Common Council, as hereinbefore provided, and keeping any bowling alley, billiard table, pigeon hole table, or other table, for sport, hire, charge or reward, within said city, shall suffer or permit any game to be played thereon after ten o'clock in the evening, or before five o'clock in the morning, nor shall any such person suffer or permit any minor, under the age of eighteen years to play at any such bowling, alley or table whatever. Nor shall any such person, licensed as aforesaid, keep any table whereon any money shall in any manner be played for in said city.

SEC. 6. Any person or persons, who shall violate any of the provisions, or requirements of this ordinance, on conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars, and costs of prosecution, or by imprisonment in the city jail, or county jail of the County of Ottawa, in the discretion of the court or magistrate before whom the conviction may be had, for a period not exceeding ninety days; and in case such court or magistrate shall impose a fine and costs, the offender may be sentenced to imprisonment in the city jail, or county jail of the County of Ottawa, until the payment of such fine and costs, for a term not exceeding three months.

SEC. 7. This ordinance shall take effect twenty days after its passage. Passed: December 20th, A. D. 1887. Approved: December 21st, A. D. 1887. P. H. McBRIDE, Mayor. Attest: Geo. H. Sipp, City Clerk.

Don't Experiment.

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems at first only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat, Lung and Chest affections. Trial bottles free at Yates & Kane's in this city, and at A. De Kruin's, Zeeland.

New Advertisements.

HIGGINS & SON, PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Cabinets \$2.00 per Doz.
Tintypes, 4 for 25 Cts.

Copying in all its Branches.

Gallery corner of River and Eighth St.

For Sale at a Bargain!

Eighty lots on Sixteenth Street, just south of First Avenue. They will be sold at a very low figure. Inquire of E. J. HARRINGTON.

Closing Out Sale OF CLOTHING!

For the next thirty days I will sell my stock of Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Underwear, etc., etc. at greatly reduced prices.

Look at my 98c. Underwear.

It can't be beat.

E. J. HARRINGTON,
Holland, Mich. Nov. 16, 1887. Eighth Street.
42-lyr.

THE FINEST

Boots and Shoes

—AT—

E. HEROLD'S.

Honest Goods

—AT—

Honest Prices.

BEST \$3.00 SHOE

In the city, always on hand.

I have the Celebrated

GRAY BROS.' SHOE

for Ladies. Call and see them.

Repairing promptly and neatly done.

NO. 46, EIGHTH STREET.

E. HEROLD.
HOLLAND, Mich. Oct. 20, 1886.

"I'm Just Going Down to the Gate"

and 86 other Popular Ballads, in book form, size 8 of Sheet Music. Sent, post-paid, for ONLY FOUR CENTS. Stamps taken. AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO.
8360 Fairmount Ave., Philadelphia Pa.

J. H. Nibbelink,

Proprietor of Ninth Street

Livery, Sale, and Feed STABLE.



I have added to my business that of

UNDERTAKING

and keep constantly on hand

CASKETS, COFFINS, ETC.

Good Horses and Carriages of all kinds and a first-class Hearse for funerals can be obtained at my place of business. Attention and courteous treatment can be relied upon. Thankful for past favors I ask a continuance of same. J. H. NIBBELINK.
Holland, Mich., January 20 1887.

PHOENIX PLANING MILL

—AND—

Lumber Yard.

B. L. Scott, Proprietor.

HENRY KAMPERMAN, Foreman Sash and Door Department.

THEODORE BOSMAN, Foreman Planing, Matching and Lumber Dept.

A Complete Stock of

Rough & Dressed Lumber,

SASH, DOORS, MOULDINGS, &c.,

Glass, Putty, Paints and Oils.

CUSTOM WORK

Promptly done at Reasonable Prices.

Holland, Mich., Nov. 25, 1887.

HEADQUARTERS FOR SANTA CLAUS

At the New Store of

C. BLOM, JR.,

—EIGHTH STREET.—

I have a very fine and choice, as well as FRESH stock of

Candies, Confectionery,

and all good things which Santa Claus usually carries and will supply all customers for Christmas with the finest there is in the market.

MY BAKERS' GOODS

are *par excellence* and are the product of a first-class baker whom I have employed.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!! OYSTERS!!

I have made arrangements for receiving Oysters from the eastern market FRESH every day and all who desire the best bivalves in the western states should call at my place. I sell cheap.

HOLIDAY GOODS

In my line can be found in profusion at my store and all I ask is a call and I will guarantee satisfaction.

C. BLOM, JR.

Holland, Mich., Dec. 22, 1887.

NEW STORE Announcement.

Having opened the most complete stock of Holiday Goods ever offered in this city we solicit the patronage of the purchasing public. In addition to our usual line of Pure Drugs, etc., we offer the Holiday trade, viz: Diaries for 1888, Fancy Inkstands and Weights, Cigar and Cigarette Cases, Writing Desks and Secretaries, Tourists' Cases and Portfolios, Music and Work Boxes, Toy Books, Blocks and Games, Photograph and Auto-graph Albums, Photograph Frames, and Fine Mirrors, Dressing Cases of all kinds, Scrap Books and Music Hold-ers, Glove, Handkerchief, Col-lar and Cuff Boxes, Game Boxes, Odor Cases, Key Racks, Whisp Holders, Xmas Sou-venirs, Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymnals, Tooth, Hair, Cloth and Hat Brushes, Perfumes, Toilet and Sachet Powders, Fancy Soaps, and Cosmetics, all of which we offer at prices sure to please.

We have just occupied our new store on the corner of Market and Eighth Streets, and will be pleased to see the people of Holland and vicinity at any time. We are selling Goops cheaper than ever and intend to give customers their money's worth.

Call early and make good purchases and be assured of good bargains.

We have some very fine novel-ties in Jewell.

O. BREYMAN.
Holland Mich., Aug. 18 1887.

Mrs. R. B. Best

Wishes to announce to the ladies of Holland City and vicinity that she has just received a large assortment of

Materials for Fancy Work,

All the latest Designs and Novelties, Plushes, Arresene, Chinilles and Stamped Linen Goods

Which she offers for sale at the lowest prices.

Largest Selection of Stamping Patterns in the City.

Call and see me when in want of anything in the above lines.

MRS. R. B. BEST,
Holland, Mich., Nov. 16, 1887. Ninth Street.
42-3m.

YATES & KANE,

Cor. Eighth and River Streets.

HOLLAND, MICH.

THE TIRED WIFE.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

All day the wife had been toiling.
From an early hour in the morn,
And her hands and feet were weary
With the burdens that she had borne;
But she said to herself: "The trouble
That weighs on my mind is this—
That Tom never thinks to give me
A comforting hug or a kiss."
"I'm willing to do my duty,
To use all my strength and skill
In making the home attractive
In striving my place to fill;
But though the approval of conscience;
Is sweet, I am free to say,
That if Tom would give me a hug and a kiss,
'T would take all the tired away."
Then she counted over and over
The years she had been Tom's wife,
And thought of the joys and sorrows
She had known in her married life;
To be sure, there was money plenty,
And never a lack of food,
But a kiss now and then and a word of praise
Would have done her a world of good.
Ah, many a one is longing
For words that are never said;
And many a heart goes hungry
For something better than bread;
But Tom had an inspiration,
And when he went home that day
He pressed his wife and kissed her
In the old time lover-like way.
And she—such enigmas are women!
Who had held herself up with pride,
At her husband's display of fondness
Just hung on his neck and cried.
And he, by her grief so minded
Of troubles he might have shared,
Said: "Bless my heart! What a fool I've been!
And I didn't suppose you cared."

HER "PROTECTOR."

BY A. URBAN EVERETTE.

Mrs. Scott, who kept lodgers, had one fault. She was romantic, and she had lost considerable money by it.
Perhaps her sons, now growing up, were too fond of reminding her of it.
And perhaps her Cousin Frances was also; but they never really quarreled with each other until His Lordship came and established himself in Mrs. Scott's house without—as Miss Frances said—"paying his board, or talking about paying it, any more than as if he hadn't owed it—not a grain."
"But he will," said Mrs. Scott, "when he comes into his property. And he is a foreigner, you know, and all that."
"Yes, and all that," said Frances, "and you are foolish not to say 'pack' to him."
"You are very coarse," said Mrs. Scott. "Don't you remember how we cried over that novel where the poor, destitute prince or baron—which was he?—picked up a crust of bread in the street and ate it for his dinner?"
"Oh, yes, we were young and he was well a real prince. This impostor—"
It was then that the quarrel began. Frances, who was very useful and made pastry and puddings to perfection, packed her things and went away.
And not two weeks after Mrs. Scott wore upon her finger a ring that had graced the finger of His Lordship the day before, and all the lodgers knew they were "engaged."
The opinion of most of the ladies was that it was "splendid," but the men declared that "Mrs. Scott had made a fool of herself," and that if his Lordship was a Lord, they, for their parts, had no wish to be English noblemen.
His Lordship, in fact, was neither well-mannered nor handsome. He was coarse, ill-favored, and gruff. His coats were queer, and his hats funny.
He had a good deal of queer looking jewelry, but none of it was marked with his Lordship's crest. In fact, it had a lot of different monograms and letters on it. Legacies from aunts, uncles, grandmothers, and grandfathers, he said they were. He explained it all, and the collection was very interesting. So said Mrs. Scott. So said Mrs. Grey and Mrs. Cheney. So said the two Misses Brown and their mother.
The Misses Brown and their mother they were always called; they were large and buxom, parted their hair at the side, wore vests and collars like gentlemen, and rather preached than conversed; while Mrs. Brown was small, meek, and flat featured, and always prefaced her remarks with "My daughters think" or "My daughters say."
Mrs. Brown was quite well-to-do. She had diamonds, and a great deal of portable property, but, being timid, she had confided most of it to the safe. It was a safe that had belonged to Mr. Scott's business. It had a lock only to be opened by those who knew a single word. It was fire-proof and burglar-proof.
Several burglaries in the neighborhood had alarmed the lady boarders, and, after awhile, even the gentlemen. Besides Mrs. Scott's diamonds, ready money, watch and chain, and other ornaments, the safe contained much of the wealth of the establishment.
His Lordship had asked to have his box of relics put there. Old Mr. Blink, who had made a will for the purpose of disinheriting all his kin and appointing everybody, had had that document deposited there. And there was some joking of Mrs. Scott being a banker.
It is curious enough that a woman who has been very particular in the choice of a husband will take almost anybody as a second. That is why widows generally marry. Judging from his portrait, Mr. Scott had been a fine, full-whiskered man of the army and navy pattern.
His Lordship seemed to be made up of other noblemen's legs and arms, and to have lost his lordly head and had another—borrowed from the rogue's gallery—and screwed on in its place. He ate with a loud noise, and he ate all within reach of his long arms, and called for more.
He was constantly boasting of his intention of "licking" certain offensive people. Mrs. Scott only thought this manly. He sang hideously in German. Mrs. Scott understood neither German nor music; but she was delighted with

what she called His Lordship's vocal powers. In fact she acted the part that a widow of forty-five nearly always does when she falls in love.

And so it came to pass that as they courted in the back parlor one evening, His Lordship said to his adored one, "You have on your mind too many troubles of housekeeping. I must help you a little, Scott?"

"Oh, my dear Lord, some day!" said Mrs. Scott. "Just now it would not be proper."

"I snap my fingers at proper," said His Lordship, doing the same with a very loud noise.

"Well, perhaps, you are right, my dear Lord," said Mrs. Scott; but anyway you couldn't hinder the marketing. With your princely ideas, you'd ruin me in a week, and you couldn't collect the money. Very often I can't. And you wouldn't look right, you horrid man dusting with a cap and feather brush." And she gave him a little flap, of a coquettish sort, with her pocket-handkerchief. "And you could not mix the puddings."

"No; I could do none of those things, well-beloved madam," said His Lordship, "but could lock up for you at night, bar up the door, and carry up spoons and ice-pitchers, and—"

"Yes, you could," said Mrs. Scott, "only the boarders would laugh so."

"Do not let them know anything about it," said His Lordship.

And so it was that his Lordship began with much zeal to help Mrs. Scott lock up; and by and by he was taken into the secret of the safe lock, and used to send Mrs. Scott away to her room and go softly about in his stockings, putting things away.

"What a thing it would be," Mrs. Scott thought, "to have a protector!"

It was Monday night. All the lodgers had paid up. A little country place being in the market, had been sold and the lawyers had sent in the purchase-money. It lay for that night in the safe.

The lodgers' valuables too, were there; and Mrs. Scott slept soundly with no worry on her mind. His Lordship had locked up and placed the safe key under her door, and she had thought again what a protector he would be, and wakened out of a dream of living in a lordly castle, dressed in a ruby velvet, with a train two yards long and a pearl coronet on her head, when a tap came at her door and the question, "Who is that? What is the matter?" The answer came, "Please'm, would you get out the silver? It is 8 o'clock."

"Gracious, I've overslept myself!" cried the lady, suddenly tucking herself into her dressing-gown and slippers. "Come in, Jane Dear me!" And this brought her to the door and into the little alcove where the safe stood.

The key was fitted into its place, the cabalistic letters recalled; the door opened. The safe was as empty as a last year's nest. Her silver, her money, all the lodgers' treasure of jewelry—all were gone.

"We've been robbed!" cried Mrs. Scott. "Call His Lordship! He's been robbed!"

But His Lordship was not there to call. He had departed with some portmanteaus and a sheet, in which he had doubtless tied up the silver.

After being convinced that the burglars had not murdered him, but that he himself was the robber, Mrs. Scott's senses returned to her.

She gave all necessary information and His Lordship was caught before he reached the continent.

He was an old offender, and took the affair quietly; and it was said that a veiled female visited him in prison.

The lodgers declared it was Mrs. Scott. Was it possible? No one can ever tell what is possible to a woman; but Mrs. Scott had put on her widow's cap again, and had taken a vow never, never again to marry.

Savagery of Boyhood.

Those persons who are not in a position to come in contact with the children of to-day need only to recall to memory the scenes of their childhood in order to find repeated episodes in which a suffering kitten or puppy was the central and unspiced figure. The callousness of the children of one's own circle will be made evident after a few minutes spent in such clarifying (though, to sensitive people, rather annoying) introspection, and what is true of one circle in this regard is approximately true of all. My own conviction is that healthy boys under 15 feel very little compassion for any suffering but that of their near relatives, their close friends, and occasionally their pet animals. Not only do they evince little compassion, but they often show more than an entire apathy, even an actual pleasure, at the sight of pain inflicted upon animals, and some with whom we need not now concern ourselves, take a delight that to grown people seems almost fiendish in tormenting their weaker play-fellows.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Got the Symptoms.

Father, who has just returned home—Where is Tommy?
Mother—I don't know. He is acting very strange.
"How so?"
"He said he wouldn't wipe his feet on any such Christian as you are."
"Did he say that?"
"Yes, and he said if you give him any sass he'd have your hide on the fence before you knew it."
"Well, we must humor Tommy, and perhaps he will be a great boy."
Preacher—He's got the symptoms, sure.—*Texas Siftings.*

OPEN to question—The mouth of an inquisitive person.

A COWARDLY DEATH.

Iowa's Return to Capital Punishment After a Period of Over Twenty Years.

Chester Bellows, Who Murdered Alice Waterman, Hanged at Charles City.

He Meets His Doom with a Lie on His Lips and Pleading for His Life.

[CHARLES CITY (IOWA) CORRESPONDENCE.]



Chester Bellows, the murderer of Alice Waterman, was hanged here on Friday last.

He had to be supported to the gallows, and as the rope was placed around his neck he exclaimed three times: "Please don't." As the Sheriff placed the white cap over his head, he exclaimed again: "Innocent don't; I am innocent." In eight minutes and forty-three seconds after the trap was sprung Bellows' heart ceased to beat. His neck was broken. The rope used was that intended for Anarchist Louis Lingg.

The crime for which Bellows suffered the death penalty was the murder of his niece, Alice Waterman. He had been living at Minneapolis, but came here in 1886 and went to live with the Watermans, a short distance from town.

His attentions to Alice and his general conduct soon became such that he was sent away July 8. He went to the house of a neighbor, Chester Wilcox, where Alice was stopping, and called her outdoors and shot her twice while she was on her knees begging for mercy. The last shot was fatal. He then shot himself, but inflicted merely flesh wounds.

Bellows is the only man legally executed in Iowa since the year 1846. From 1846 to 1872, the first twenty-six years of the Commonwealth's Statehood, few men died on the gallows by decree of the courts. Under the old law it was optional with Judges to sentence to hanging or to imprisonment for life in capital cases, and the bench usually tempered justice with mercy.

Under the law of 1873 four men have been sentenced to death in Iowa. The first was Fountain W. George, for the murder of Dr. Epps in the streets of Des Moines. This occurred in 1882. The judgment of the lower court was affirmed, and under the law he should have been executed not later than fifteen months after sentence. But the assassin was a victim of epilepsy. Doubts arose as to his sanity, and a commission of inquiry was appointed. Their finding has never been made public, but it must have been favorable to the insanity view, as Governor Sherman never fixed a day of execution, and about a year ago George died in the penitentiary. A man named Kennedy, of Dubuque, was waiting execution, their cases having come to the Supreme Court. Chester Bellows was the fourth.

The murderers legally strangled in this State richly merited their punishment. In 1856 William Hinkle, of Davis County, was arrested for poisoning his wife. The woman had died suddenly, and Hinkle, before a year had elapsed, made preparation to marry a girl who had been working in the family at the time of his wife's death. An investigation followed, which led to Hinkle's indictment and arrest. He took a change of venue to the adjoining county of Appanoose, where, after a trial lasting only four days, he was convicted of murder in the first degree on full trial, but the judgment below was affirmed, and Hinkle was sentenced to be publicly executed on the 13th of August, 1858, between the hours of 1 and 3 p. m., within one-half mile of the town of Orleans, a little village in the eastern part of the county. This was the nearest convenient point midway between Bloomfield and Centerville, the county seats of Davis and Appanoose Counties, and the Judge, no doubt, thought the people of the two counties had a common interest in seeing Hinkle die. Nor was he disappointed. On the appointed day 10,000 people assembled to witness the execution. The condemned man ascended the platform with a resolute step and firm bearing.

The rope provided for the occasion was of home manufacture, and as the trap fell and it received the full weight of the heavy victim it snapped, and Hinkle dropped heavily to the ground. He was picked up and with difficulty placed on the scaffold. He was asked before the rope was adjusted the second time if he had anything to say, to which he answered that he was innocent. He believed that he was innocent, and he had placed the person in the young woman's hands for the purpose of compassing his wife's death, and that his denial was, therefore, technically true.

The second execution was the most notable in the State's history. It occurred at Dubuque in 1868. A tailor named Gillick returned home in the morning, and his wife asked him for money with which to buy bread. He seized her by the hair, dragged her about the floor, kicked her, beat her, and at last shot her through the head. He had been a soldier in the Mexican war, a color sergeant. As his attorney, the eloquent Ben M. Samuels, told the jury, he bore the flag of his adopted country from Vera Cruz to Chapultepec. He had two trials, the verdict resulting the same in both. Governor Lowe was appealed to for clemency in vain. There had been too many murders in Dubuque in the preceding ten years, and public sentiment demanded an example. Judge Wilson had ordered that the execution be made public. The gallows was built on a sandy plateau, at a short distance south of Eagle Point, and just north of the city limits. The people living in the vicinity—the nearest house being at least a quarter of a mile distant, threatened to raise the gallows, but Sheriff Hayden put a guard of sworn deputies around it. There were three large, well drilled, hand-somely uniformed military companies in Dubuque.—The Governor's Guards, the Washington Guards and the Jackson Blues. Gillick requested that, as he had been a soldier, these military companies escort him to the gallows, and, in order to comply with his wishes, Sheriff Hayden ordered that they turn out as protection, and to quell any disturbance that might arise. The day of the execution came. Dubuque never saw such a crowd. It seemed as if the people of Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois for sixty miles about had flocked into the city. It was estimated that there were 40,000 to 50,000 strangers in Dubuque that morning. It was a beautiful day. The cortege started from the jail with a military company, headed by the General, in front of a barouche in which Gillick rode with the Sheriff, and two companies in the rear, while a line of guards was on either side of the carriage. The band played a dead march from the jail to the gallows, a distance of over

a mile. The military formed a hollow square about the gallows and within forty feet of it. The people stood crowded in closely on all sides—a vast mass of humanity. Hundreds of women were among the spectators. Gillick made a short speech, in which he warned young men against the use of liquor, which had brought him to the gallows, thanked the military for the honor they had paid him as a soldier, and Sheriff Hayden for kind treatment. It was all over in fifteen minutes, and in the afternoon two-thirds of the vast number of strangers had disappeared. There have been two more executions on the gallows at Dubuque—once in 1862 and another at Delphi for a murder committed at Dubuque in 1863.

The last legal execution of which there is a record in Iowa occurred at Ottumwa, Feb. 17, 1865, when Benjamin A. McComb, a native of Rockford, Ill., was hanged for the murder of Laura Jane Murray, also of Rockford. Laura ran away from home in company with McComb and George Lawrence, and she and Lawrence were married at Beloit, Wis., before coming to Iowa. The party put up at the Jefferson House in Ottumwa on March 27, 1860. During their stay the conversation of the two men was far from friendly toward the young woman. The next day they went to Eddyville, where the same treatment of the woman was noticed. Leaving Eddyville the next day, nothing definite was heard of them until the following morning, when the body of the woman was found in the river below the ford. It was certain that murder had been committed. Four months after the body of a man was found in Copperas Creek, about four miles east of Ottumwa. Investigation proved it to be the body of George Lawrence, husband of the murdered woman. Four years passed without the disclosure of a solitary clue to the location of McComb, but finally in the spring of 1864 he was recognized by a young soldier from Rockford, stationed at Camp McChesnut, at Davenport, who placed under arrest March 2, and taken to Ottumwa, where his trial resulted in a verdict of guilty June 14 following. The court decided that he should be hanged July 27, but the case having gone to the Supreme Court the execution was postponed. A great many people attended, however, on the date mentioned, and, gathering around the gallows, became noisy and demonstrative, apparently possessing all the elements of a mob. Finally the question of hanging was submitted to a vote, and, having been carried affirmatively, a rush was made for the jail door and the prisoner was brought out. He asked for an hour to prepare for death, and was given him. He was taken into the Catholic Church, and baptised, after which the mob took him in charge. There were no lamp-posts in Ottumwa in those days and consequently no convenient place to hang him. He was finally placed in a wagon, driven a mile east of town, a rope put around his neck, it was thrown over a bent tree, and the mob were about to carry out their design when McComb asked the privilege of making a speech, which was granted. He protested his innocence, offered to prove that George Lawrence was still living, and that he did not murder Laura J. Harvey. At this point a cry was raised all through the crowd, "Take him back!" others called, "Hang him." Then a short struggle for the possession of the rope ensued, when some one called out, "Cut it." This was immediately done, and the prisoner rescued from the hands of the mob, placed in a wagon, driven rapidly to town and placed in jail. On the night of Aug. 24 McComb escaped from confinement by means of offering the Sheriff's 11-year-old boy a large sum of money to induce him to unlock the cell door, so that he had nothing to do but to walk out. The Sheriff was absent at the time. August 27 he was recaptured about fifteen miles from Ottumwa, and on the 31st another mob gathered. But this time the Sheriff was prepared, and the jail strongly guarded by the military. Consequently he was dispersed. McComb's case was heard by the Supreme Court in the following December, and the judgment of the lower court was affirmed. This necessitated the fixing of a day of execution by the Governor, and Feb. 17, 1865, was named. The death warrant in this case is the only document of the kind on file in the State archives. The return made thereon by the Sheriff shows that it was duly executed.

Woolfolk Sentenced to Be Hanged.

[Macdon (Ga.) special.]
This was the tenth day of the trial of Woolfolk for the murder of nine of his family. The jury was charged at noon and in twenty minutes brought in a verdict of guilty. The prisoner was then sentenced to be hanged Feb. 10. In his statement before sentence Woolfolk asserted his innocence before heaven and said the witnesses had sworn falsely. He seems to be absolutely without nerves.

Another Iowa Hanging in Prospect.

The Supreme Court of Iowa has affirmed the sentence of the Fayette District Court in the case of Herter Schmitt, convicted of the murder of Lucrécia Peck on the night of September 4, 1866, and he will be hanged at West Union January 4, 1888.

A California Murderer Hanged.

Thurston Lee was hanged at Bakersfield, Cal., on Friday, for the murder of John Smith in March, 1885.

THE FEDERATION OF LABOR.

Encroachments of the Knights to Be Re-sisted—Mr. Gompers Re-elected.

[Baltimore special.]
At the session of the American Federation of Labor on Friday the per capita tax was reduced from 1/4 to 1/5 of a cent a month. All State federations are to be taxed \$25 annually. It was voted to employ a salaried organizer. A resolution on compelling local unions to unite into State federations was rejected. The constitution was adopted as amended.

It was decided not to send delegates to the Trades Union Congress at London next year. It was resolved to ask Congress to shorten the hours of labor in view of the decreased number of workmen needed on account of labor-saving machinery. The committee on the growth of the order reported that the rapid growth of the order resulted from the first avowed purpose of the federation to allow each trade to govern itself; second, to the discontent of the Knights of Labor. The committee recommended, by reason of the mismanagement of the Knights of Labor, and their desperate use of strikes, that the federation use its utmost endeavor to resist the encroachments of the Knights of Labor, as that organization showed itself opposed to trades unionism. The report was adopted with enthusiasm. The following officers were elected by acclamation: President, Samuel L. Gompers, New York, representing the International "Frig-makers" Union; First Vice President, Daniel McLaughlin, representing the Illinois Miners' Association; Second Vice President, William Martin, of the Amalgamated Iron and Steel Workers' Association; Secretary, P. J. McGuire, of the Philadelphia Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners; Treasurer, Gabriel Edmondson, of the Washington Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners.

It was decided to hold the next convention in St. Louis.

THE WAR ON WHISKY.

Platform of the Anti-Saloon Republicans Party of New York.

[Syracuse (N. Y.) special.]

The Anti-Saloon Republican State Committee adopted a platform declaring that there is an irrepressible conflict between the liquor traffic and Christian civilization; that the saloon ought to be utterly extirpated, because the proprietors have combined in open war against the American Sabbath; that the compact between brewers and distillers has reached a point where the Republican party must accept the issue and with "no uncertain sound declare determined hostility to these enemies of good morals and the sacred institutions of our land, or abandon their claims to be a party of law and order, opposed to vice and crime, anarchy and socialism." The platform points to Pennsylvania as an example of success resulting from a bold stand, and favors prohibition amendments and local option and restriction by taxation.

PITH AND POINT.

TRADE in stock generally uses up one's stock in trade.

It is told to take a "back seat" one will invariably take affront.

It would seem natural for a carpenter to walk with a lumbering gait.

SCIENTISTS say that the potato rot comes once in ten years—every decayed as it were.

THE most unkindest cut of all is to be found in the average \$8 suit of clothes.—*Puck.*

It is better to put your money into the trust than to put your trust in your money.—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE entire assets of a recent bankrupt were nine children. The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.—*Texas Siftings.*

WHEN the world was new there was naturally an abundance of original sin. Now wickedness of any kind is a chestnut.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

THERE is no record of the Good Samaritan distributing tracts. He made tracks, but they were in the direction of the unfortunate.—*Texas Siftings.*

PRESENCE of mind is well enough in some cases, but when a man finds himself in danger of freezing to death, he shouldn't try to keep too cool.—*Epoch.*

THE dead elephant Alice was dissected at Hartford and 300 pennies found in her stomach. It is believed she had started a monument fund.—*Omaha Bee.*

OLD Lady (on her way to church)—Don't you know, little boys, that it's wicked to play ball on Sunday? Little Boy—We ain't playin'; we're only practicin' for ter morrow's game.—*New York Sun.*

SOME young men in San Antonio, Texas, have formed an Anti-Treating Association. We do not suppose that will disqualify them from holding membership in the Never Refuse a Drink Society.—*Siftings.*

IN most of the booming towns in New Jersey nowadays they will put your house up for you while you wait, and if you paste two or three thick-nesses of paper over it it is really quite a coherent structure.—*Puck.*

A "CANE RUSH" STUDENT.

We packed a big trunk with his togs and his books,
And we went with him down to the train;
There was Latin and Greek in his merry-wise looks,
And our pride was as great as our pain.

The swift train snatched him away from our sight,
But we knew he'd come back by and by
With scholarship, honor, and medal and prize.
For hope and ambition were high.

They brought him back home, a week and a day—
And the doctor who brought him said, "Hush!"
For the side of his head had been rattled away,
His eyes they were blacked, and his nose went astray.

Two ribs were stove in, did the doctor man say,
And his legs they were bent in a corkscrewish way.
"Collation!" he shrieked; but he shook head,
"Nay!"
And smiled as he whispered, "Cane rush."
—*Bob Burdette.*

TWO actors talking of a well-known writer. First Actor—I cannot say that he is a great writer, but the fact that I am deeply indebted to him will ever shield him against even my gentlest criticism. He has been a dear and generous friend to me. Second Actor—I did not know that you were so warmly attached to each other or I would not have criticised him. You must forgive me. First Actor (with magnanimity)—I freely pardon you, but mind you, do not in my presence speak ill of him again. Second Actor—I will not, but tell me the cause of your high esteem for him and in what way he has been so good a friend to you? First Actor—Why, he wrote a play some time ago and has not asked me to read it.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

A FEW days ago at a regular Wednesday evening prayer-meeting of one of the churches of Bismarck, Dak., the pastor, the Rev. Fairchild, came into the chapel and found only about a dozen ladies present. He looked around a moment and said: "Sister Wetherill, can you tell me the cause of this remarkable absence of the gentlemen who have been in the habit of attending our regular meetings?" "Why, hadn't you heard about it?" replied the lady addressed. "The Spotted-Front grocery advertises to give away free samples of a new brand of chewing tobacco this evening, and the gentlemen have all gone there." "Ha!" said the worthy pastor as he removed his spectacles and buttoned his coat, "I hadn't noticed the announcement. Just excuse me a moment, ladies, please. I must step down to the Spotted Front myself. I haven't had a good chew of tobacco since I left Fargo!" and he shot out the side door.—*Fred H. Carruth.*

The English Sparrow.

The curses which were heaped on the celebrated jack-law of Rheims are now exceeded in virulence by the fulminations hurled in all seriousness at the common English house sparrow in America. Dr. Merriam, ornithologist to the department of agriculture, in his report to the American government, says that the bird "is a curse of such virulence that it ought to be systematically attacked and destroyed before it becomes necessary to deplete the public treasury for the purpose, as has been done in other countries." He makes several recommendations, one of which is that it should be a misdemeanor punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both, to give food or shelter to a sparrow, except with a view to its ultimate destruction—in fact, that nothing should be left undone to compass the complete destruction of the unfortunate little pariah.—*Truth.*

NO MAN can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Christmas Compliments

TO OUR READERS.

DECEMBER, 1887.

[For the Little Ones.]
SANTA CLAUS.

BY M. J. ADAMS.

Said Santa Claus, on his midnight drive,
As he neared a cottage white:
"There's Freddie, Annie, and little May,
Who are good children quite;
I'll give them these." And he held two dolls,
And a sled both new and bright.



"There's Johnnie, who lives across the street
A disobedient boy;
He shall have nothing for Christmas Day,
Not even a little toy.
I'm sorry, but he deserves no gifts
Good children will enjoy."

And thus good Santa Claus went round
With presents nice and new,
Omitting naughty boys and girls,
Their papas and mammas, too.
He has their names in a great big book
He carries the whole year through.



So children, if no presents come
To you on Christmas Day,
You must not blame good Santa Claus—
A kind old man, they say;
But for naughty children he never has
A present to give away.

VENGEANCE IS THINE.

A Tale of Two Christmas Days.

BY ROBERT FINDLEY.

CHAPTER I.

A push with a cowhide boot, a heave, a grunt, and up comes a shovelful of soft red earth. More stamping and grunting, and more earth, and the grizzly old sexton from the little church under the hill stands erect to mop his streaming brow and catches sight of me perched on a neighboring tombstone.

"Wall, I s'wore! and who might you be?"



Ted.

"I'm Ted."
"Ted? Oh, you're the kid what washed to shore on the wreck of the 'Mornin' Star.' You're Farmer Bierce's boy now, ain't ye?"

"Yep."
"Poor kid! Niver will I forgit how Farmer Bierce dashed into the breakers and dragged ye and the dead woman to shore. No one knowed ye, and I reckon no one does yet. Why, lad, yer ma lies yander just beside the Hoskins headstun, poor soul, and nobody knowed her nuther, fur that matter. No one has found out yet who ye are, and ye are like to remain and be one of us, for all I see, for yer clothes was of furrin make, and few furriners visits Nottingham."

Thus the old man tells the story of my five years of existence, and, growing familiar, I scramble down from the plain slab that marks the resting place of the "Beloved wife of Hiram Fuller," and, with my feet swinging in the little chasm the sexton is digging, I literally sit upon the edge of the grave and watch the work. The next day I come again. Then again and again, and sometimes I find my new-made friend and his shovel, grunting and heaving as before. I grow to love it all—the old dead oak with the wind moaning through its barren branches, reminding me of something indefinite but awful in the past; the whirling leaves that sift through the haze of early fall and hide the storm-beaten mounds; the crumbling rail fence, with its triangular gardens of elder and blackberry bushes; the paths choked with thoroughwort and briars; the weather-stained slabs, the birds, the flowers—all belong to me, and I pass my childhood in the company of the dead. I am loved by

the childless old couple in the farm-house, but nature has made me a queer child, and manhood finds me a solitary, loyal to the past, attached to our homely farm-life, and detesting the advance of "a higher order of civilization" upon our frontier world. I live in the forest and am the passionate idolater of Nature. My thoughts are my companions, and the thousand voices and habitants of the woods my friends. To such a nature love comes like an electric shock.

CHAPTER II.

I met Bessie Sherwin. Love bursts upon me, a sudden revelation of some subtle, terrible power that was unsuspected, and the discovery of which frightens and half-angers me. I stare at her, spellbound. She blushes. She glances my person over. For the first time in my life I realize that my clothes are patched, my feet large, my hands red and rough, and my beard unkempt.

"These c-u-g-s are for the sick Mrs. T-t-turner," I manage to stammer. Then I thrust the small basket with its donation from Mother Bierce into Bessie's hand and rush toward home. But my peace has gone forever. I see her face everywhere. I am hot and cold by turns. Hope and despair alternately wrench my heart. I become a slave, an idolater. I shave regularly now. I demand collars for my shirts. I buy a clothes brush. I invest the proceeds of four days' labor in a pair of fine shoes. I fairly stuff the larder of the sick Mrs. Turner with quail, venison and trout. I haunt the Turner residence with the most ridiculous excuses for my presence. I envy the Turners' stable-boy who cares for my idol's pony. My starved soul is mad with a passion that stops at nothing foolish in the long list of a lover's follies. For months I live in the air, in the crystal air-castles that Imagination builds for Hope.

CHAPTER III.

It is in the silent house, after the funeral of Mrs. Turner, Bessie's aunt, who brought the beautiful girl, an orphan, from Buffalo, that I find my angel in tears. Her distress, her loveliness torture me. I kneel at her feet. I pour forth my story of passion. She places her soft hand on my shoulder and strives to speak. I spring to my feet and clasp her in my arms. Rescind thy imitable decrees, O Fate, and condense my life into that moment of ecstasy!

How could I know that her tears were caused by her grief, instead of joy? How could I understand that her loneliness drove her to my sympathy; that my devotion had won her gratitude, not her heart? How could I understand that in her great grief she was not strong enough to trample my hopes in the dust of despair?

I only know that she puts her head upon my shoulder as if glad to have found a place of rest. I only know that suddenly the gates of heaven stand ajar and the radiance pouring from within dazzles my eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

It is Christmas eve, and to-morrow Bessie is to become my wife. I have just come through the woods where the men were cutting Christmas trees for to-morrow, and am sitting before the fire in Mother Bierce's dining-room. The old couple have retired, and I am doing what Mother Bierce calls "brooding over my happiness." And I am happy. Will Bessie be happy with me? Ah! here's the great problem of my love. She is always pale and absent-minded lately. She is kind to me, but has an air of resignation that provokes me. Her frank carcase of earlier days is given less often. She cannot have tired of my adulation, but sometimes she trembles and grows paler at my approach. I know! "The but the natural anxiety of a girl that troubles her, and I am a fool to sit up this late and worry about nothing. And yet, something serious is at the bottom of her 'mental worriment,'" as dear old Mother Bierce would say. A smile, a hand-clasp, a flower, would transport me a few weeks ago; but now, since I have pressed her lips and held her in my arms, I must have all my idol's thoughts, all her heart, all her confidence. I must be a part of her life. Such is the arrogance of my passion. Sometimes I have caught her looking at Paul North, the artist fellow from Buffalo, with a light in her sad eyes that I do not understand. Paul is handsome, polished in manners and speech. He shines in the presence of her friends, while I am at a disadvantage, silent and uninteresting. Bah! How I hate him! But can it be that my Bessie—what a fool I am, to be sure. Sitting up till morning to speculate upon the loyalty of the dear girl who will be my wife in a few short hours!



I met Bessie Sherwin.

I smile at my folly, banish doubt, and hurry to my bedroom up-stairs.

CHAPTER V.

It is late when I awake. Christmas morn-

ing! The house seems unusually quiet. Mother Bierce is usually rattling her saucers and pans at this hour. None of the familiar odors are rising from the kitchen beneath me. Everything seems strangely still. I hurry on my clothes. I rush to the well-known bedroom into which I have so often toddled at dawn in my early years. My God! what is it? Father Bierce on the floor on his knees, with his gray head bowed upon the bed-clothes! Fainted, but breathing—thank God! Mother! Mother!! Oh, dear Mother Bierce! Dead! dead! Smiling, but cold and rigid, dead! Crazy with grief, I stagger to the door. I must have help. I will go to Mr. Turner's. I will take my grief to Bessie.

My rifle stands beside the door. Why

dark. Beside the animal's hoof-marks are other tracks, tracks made by city-made boots. Curse him! Grinding my teeth together I tear along the road. The snow-flakes fall upon my bare head. I plunge through drifts, with curses between my sobs, and tears dropping from my cheeks. Running, walking, plunging, on I go. Now I stop to recover breath, and I snarl in devilish glee as I look upon my rifle. I forget that she loves him and cannot, should not marry me. I forget the kind, suffering old man, my more than father, whom I left unconscious in the old farm house. I only remember that she was mine, my Bess, and that he, the city gallant, has stolen her. All that is savage in me is aroused. I shall

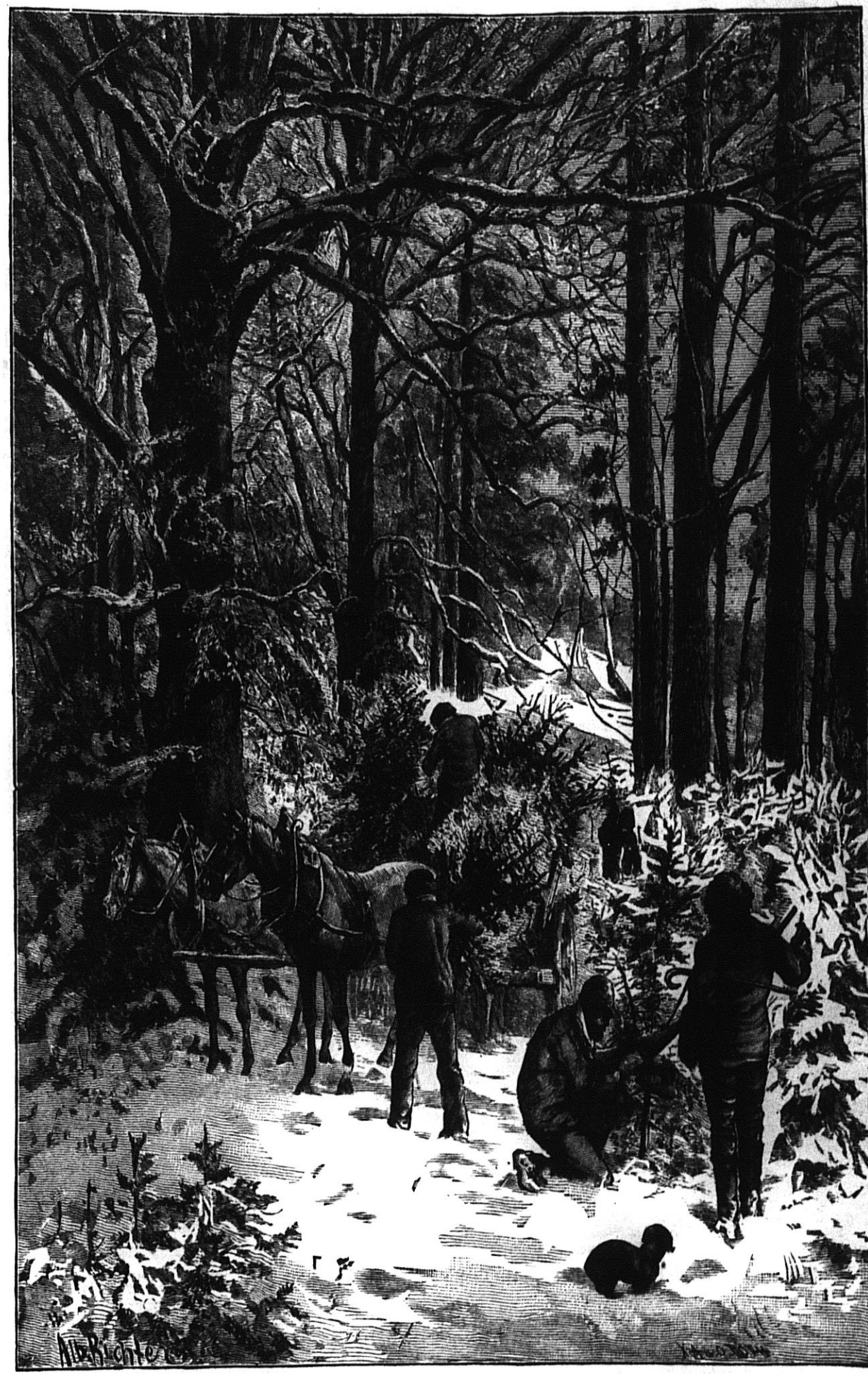
pale and full of cursed pride. Bessie utters a little cry, as she beholds and recognizes the raging demon crouching on the threshold. Still I do not see her. I see only him, and there comes to my maddened senses the full knowledge of all that he is robbing me of. With hot fingers I feel for the lock of my rifle. I do not take my eyes off him. He sees my movement. His face turns ghastly white and he shrinks back against the fire-place. I smile fiendishly as I see him quail.

"You die, you black dev!" I shriek.

But Bessie steps before him.

I see her now. How white and faint she looks! Her hands are pressed against her bosom, and her eyes are full of agony.

"Teddy," she says tremulously, "I tried



WHERE THE MEN WERE CUTTING CHRISTMAS TREES.

do I notice it at such a time? What fiend possesses me that I seize the weapon and rush through the woods to the village?

Oh, how good that dear dead mother has been to the unknown child cast up by Erie's raging waters, in the past. What kindnesses, what love, what care! Bessie alone can comfort my stricken heart. How precious is her love to me now!

I quicken my pace. I reach the lawn before the Turners' residence. I come upon the household gathered about Deacon Turner, who is seated upon the steps, with his face buried in his hands. My appearance seems to quiet the excited people.

"Mrs. Bierce died suddenly last night," I say; "and I have come to ask—Why, you are in tears! Where is Bessie?"

"Gone!" answers Mr. Turner, raising his tearful eyes to mine. "Gone," he repeats, "to shame and ruin."

My heart stops beating. Cold fingers seem to strangle me.

"Gone? Shame? I don't understand—" "Yes. She and Paul North have—"

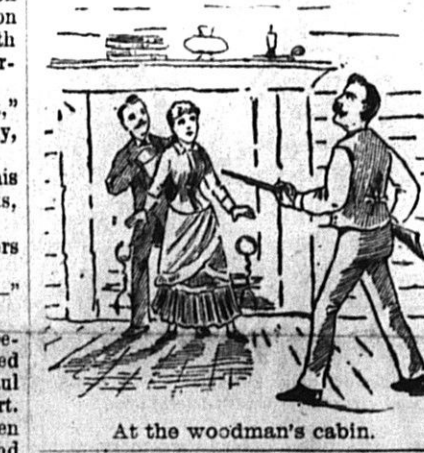
My God! Now I see it all. I am betrayed. I won her gratitude and satisfied her vanity by my servile devotion. Paul North's smooth ways have won her heart. Her paleness, her sadness, her sudden trembling—all are at last plain to the blind fool who is left behind to bear the pity of village swains and giggling girls.

But some one spoke of shame! Shame for my beautiful Bess?

God himself prompted me to take my rifle with me. A great rage fills my heart. I rush madly down the road. No need to ask which way they went. Her pony's shod hoofs have left a trail in the snow that my burning eyes could follow in the

overtake them. I know this as I bound along. I shall tear his throat. I shall kneel upon his breast and gloat over the contortions of his handsome face as I strangle him. I feel only pity for her—poor bewitched Bess! I shall save her from shame.

By noon I am nearing the town of Mayville. The trail in the snow is very fresh. See! The trail leaves the road and leads



At the woodman's cabin.

to the cabin of a wood-chopper. They are in the cabin. I am a savage. Vengeance is mine. The rifle in my hand seems made of red-hot steel. I strike the cabin door a fierce blow with my heavy hand. It swings inward. I confront the fugitives, who stand side by side on the hearth of the wide fire-place. His arm is around her. My eyes seem to be swimming in blood, and through the mist I see only his face,

hard to love you. Paul and I met, loved, quarreled and parted long before I knew you. My God, how I have suffered!" And she sinks between that craven wretch and me, and stretches forth her hands toward me for mercy.

"But the shame, the shame!" I hiss through set jaws.

"We are to be married to-day at Mayville, and, oh, my friend, I love him," she sobs, and hangs her head in shame to say it to me.

"Married to-day? Love him?" I mutter incoherently. To-day? Why, to-day is Christmas and I was to be the happy bridegroom. How far away seems yesterday and all its happiness. How I still love this girl kneeling before me. Her misery, her humiliation are greater torture to me than is my own loss. Vengeful desires leave me. The demon of murder takes his hot fingers from my heart. I look at Bess for the last time. I am choking. I feel as if I have fallen from a fearful height and am still falling. I try to brush the mist from my eyes. I cast my rifle to the ground, turn, and rush, like the madman I am, into the woods.

CHAPTER VI.

After many years I persuade myself that it is my duty to return and care for dear old Father Bierce, if living. I do not pause to think the chances are all against his having been spared. But I want an excuse by which to delude myself, and this will answer.

The snow is falling softly as I alight from the stage at Nottingham one afternoon in December. I sigh for a welcome from the old familiar objects that I turned

my back upon that Christmas day of long ago. But everything is changed. Strangers stare at me, and the town has advanced to the dignity of possessing an hotel.

In the crisp air of Christmas morning I climb the hill once crowned by that old, old cemetery. Not a vestige of the Bierce residence can be seen! But they've spared the old orchard and maple grove, which seem to welcome me with their swinging branches. I hurry to the old graveyard. I clamber over the fence. There are more mounds, tombstones, and crosses, but here are all my old companions. I am a child again—ah, no; there is a heaviness about the heart that will not permit that delusion. But I hunt among the tombstones. Here's Mrs. Turner's grave, and the good Deacon, too, has "fought the good fight." Here's another familiar name, and another, and another! They all come here at last. But this—this time-colored marble shaft? It was not here in early days.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
ELIZABETH SHERWIN NORTH.
DELOVED WIFE OF
PAUL.

My Bess! Ah, here is the end of it all. Dead all these years? All the old love wells up in my heart. It has been hidden, but never extinguished. "You are mine now, Bess," I moan. "I have recovered you at last. You have come to my home. You are in the family of the dead I love."

A few withered leaves from the old oak fall rustling about my face as I lower it to the frozen sod that shelters my lost love. My heart grows bitter and I rebel against fate. Even at her grave he may claim her, for have I not just read that there was no shame in their love? Somewhat of the old-time passion mingles with my grief, and the old mad envy and jealousy possess me.

Regrets that I did not satisfy my vengeance seize upon me, and again, in imagination, I am raging on the trail of the fugitives, with the Christmas bells ringing in my ears and murder in my heart.

"Why do you cast yourself upon that grave?" are words that break in upon my misery.

"Because"—I rise to my feet angrily. I look at him! The man who robbed me—the man who stole my Bess!—the man whose face wore sneers when my heart was being crushed.

He comes here now to drive me from her grave. Great God! he comes here now, when the passion of a lifetime is springing from control, more terrible, more deadly than ever. He is here to laugh at my tears, to torture me with visions of the bliss that he has tasted. He is here to torment me with the shame of her desertion of me for him!

He is within my reach, just across the narrow mound!

Again my eyes seem filled with blood. Again I choke with hunger for revenge. Again is he the pallid, trembling wretch who cowered in the woodchopper's cabin. Again my hands ache to clasp his throat. The heavy cane in my hand has become the red-hot rifle of that other day.

"I know you," Paul North, "I hiss between my grating teeth. 'I am Ted—'" "My God!" he exclaims, and he sinks upon his knees, while the same old terror leaps into his eyes.

"We met and loved before she came among you. She lived but a year after that day we—"

Something in my eyes causes him to pause, and he moans, "God help me!" But I don't catch what he says. I am living over again that scene in the woodman's cabin. I hesitate to spring upon him. I am waiting, waiting for my Bess to step between us, as she did that other Christmas morn. But no Bess comes. Instead, there comes from the little church below the hill the melody of childish voices:

"Peace on earth. Good-will toward men."

I turn my head to catch the song. When I look at Paul North, again he is not the old-time Paul of the woodman's hut. He has risen and leans upon his cane. Why, his face is wrinkled and aged, and he trembles with feebleness.

"Bessie wished it thus," and he points at a tombstone of marble rising close beside that of my—of his wife. I wipe my eyes and read:

AT REST.

TEDDY BIERCE, ADOPTED SON OF
LEUCUS BIERCE, DIED DEC.
25, 1840.

Erected by Paul and Bessie North.



Just across a mound.

"Miles from here, weeks after that day, they found a body in the woods, and we thought it was yours, although it was badly disfigured," says Paul.

Hate flees from my heart forever. I reach across her grave and grasp his hand. A while we talk beside our loved one's grave, and then, arm in arm, leaning upon our canes and on each other, we two go down the hill together.

A JEW'S CHRISTMAS SOLILOQUY.

BY BURT ARNOLD.

Moses, vas you hear dot shure-pell ring!
Vas you hear dose shimes?
Vance er year I soldt me noldins—
Vance er year I make no dimes.
I vas always lose meach-sh
Ven I pey der seloy and greasins;
Beeples nefer pavs er zent's vort—
Midt zo vell pe onder Istmus.



It vas make me madt like donder
Ven I hear dot shure-kvot ring;
Vor I know dot whole tay long
I vill soldt in a not er ting.
Foot your eye ridt on dot tellar
Mit der hair shust like er tronk;
Greasins tay lo cont puy noddinks,
Putt on Zondays vas drunk.
Dot's der vas mit Greasins beeples—
Vas vas neffer cot er show;
Efery diue dot Greasins comes,
Traut vas a woot slow.
'Tvas kver guilt of beeples, Greasins vas!
Vicked of dey puy of me, dey say;
Putt dey vas dom biendly vicky
Shust der same und Greasins day.

SAVED BY A SOCK.

BY BURT ARNOLD.

Jem Pinchem was a man who could rightly be termed a married bachelor; for, although he had one of the sweetest and most patient of wives and a beautiful little daughter, he clung to the habits of his single days, and merely used his home for a place in which to sleep and eat. He was not a drunkard; he never drank intoxicants of any kind. Yet he always came home in the small hours of night, about the same hour that some tired individuals come to roost when "all ze uzzler placish ish closed up." For many years his wife was ignorant of the reason why he stayed out so late, and it was equally as long before she learned the true reason why he never had any money, when she knew he earned a good salary.

The truth was, Jem was a conf. med gambler, and had it not been for his wife's little dowry, both Jem and his family would have been obliged to wear rags the year round. But there is a limit to the largest dowry, and Molly Pinchem's was soon reached. For months after her money was all gone she never complained; but Jem grew cross as he missed the many comforts she had formerly furnished from her dot. Sleepless nights spent over the gaming-table worked on his nerves and made him a changed man. He was annoyed and irritated at the slightest matter and nothing seemed to please him. He had sunk into debt, and if any man ever stood in the peril of losing his reason Jem Pinchem was the man. Don't misunderstand and think he was a bad man at heart, for he was far from it. Naturally he was warm-hearted and of a sunny disposition; but he had existed with his nerves strung at a high tension for so long that his peevishness and irritability were the very common results of turning night into day and giving his nervous system no chance for recuperation.

On the evening before Christmas he had eaten of the scanty meal furnished by his wife and grumbled over it, possibly because he felt he had no moral right to make the slightest objection, and merely wished to assume the dictatorial with his spouse. When he had finished, he arose from the table and glanced at the clock; then he hurriedly donned his coat and hat and began to draw on his gloves.

"Jem," said his wife, with a suddenness that startled him, "please leave a little money with me before you go out."

"What for?" he savagely questioned.

"Why, it's the night before Christmas, Jem, and I have not a single cent with which to buy Dot the smallest remembrance," she answered.

"Dot don't need any gimcracks; she don't know nuthin' 'bout Christmas," grunted the man, as he buttoned his coat well around his throat and pulled his hat over his ears. "O, Jem, do please give me a little money! Just a little. I am not strong, Jem, and I may not live to have a chance to give her anything next Christmas," she pleaded piteously.

"Poor folks like us ain't got no right to spend money for presents."

"But I know you won't have a cent when you return, Jem, and I need the money so badly, too. Stay at home with me to-night, Don't go out, dear. You'll only gamble until your wages are gone, and then feel sorry for it."

"Can't I do what I like with my own money?" snapped Jem.

"Why, yes, Jem, I—I—I didn't mean anything like that—I—why! Don't be cross, please; I don't feel like it."

And she sank on a chair by the tea-table and sobbed as though her heart would break.

"I say, don't cry, Molly; don't take on. I didn't mean to be rough. I ain't got no small change. See! It's all in a twenty-dollar bill. I'll go out and buy a turkey, and send you some money by the market boy when he brings the turkey home. I'll not be gone long myself."

She raised her pale face and looked imploringly at him through her glistening tears. He returned her glance; then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he opened the door and disappeared in the darkness outside. As he passed the window he saw her face. It wore the stony, fixed, agonized expression of one in despair.

"Women is man's ruination," he muttered; but no one save himself could by any possibility tell how such an extravagant statement applied in his case.

Molly Pinchem cleared away the tea-table, washed, dried, and put away the dishes in the closet, then sat by the kitchen stove with little Dot in her arms.

The market-boy came and deposited a much battered chicken on the table—but no money.

Eight o'clock, but no Jem with it. Nine o'clock; still no Jem.

Ten o'clock; still no Jem.

Eleven o'clock, and no Jem.

Half-past eleven. Dot lay dreaming in Molly's arms, while the tears, which could not be kept back, coursed down the mother's cheeks and her stifled sobs spasmodically raised Dot's head, causing her to start in her sleep.

"I can stand this no longer!" moaned the poor woman. "I will find him, wherever he is."

She laid the child gently on the sofa and kissed it tenderly, and the hot, scalding tears dropped on its winsome face.

Quietly she stepped to her chamber and donned the most ragged dress she owned.

"I'll shame him if I can find him," she said to herself, as she wrapped a torn muffler about her head and placed a battered basket on the table.

Little Dot awoke, and, seeing her mother ready to go out exclaimed:

"Um do too, mamma."

Molly hesitated a moment, then said:

"So you shall!"

She wrapped Dot in an old woolen shawl and started in the direction she had heard the den was located at which Jem spent his time and money.

The night air was keen and the sleet cutting, but Molly heeded neither.

Once, as she passed the mansion of Jem's employer, she held Dot on high that she might look in the window and see a Christmas tree that was glistening with candles and glass balls and loaded with presents for the little ones who were romping in glee around it.

The sight made her green with envy; but Dot raised her little hands in ecstasy and exclaimed:

"Pity!"

"Yes, pity 'tis as well as pretty," cried out Molly, when she turned away as if in pain at the sight.

She felt indignant that Jem's infatuation for the green board prevented their home from enjoying a like blessing.

At the next corner she met a police-officer who was alternately stamping his feet and blowing into his fists to keep warm.

The chimes of St. Nicholas sounded on the midnight air and sent a shudder through her frame.

Christmas! What a Christmas might be in store for her!

She clasped Dot closer to her breast and hurried along.

on? Shure O'll pull yer dirty box an' arrist the whole av yees av ye don't oopen the door."

The bolt flew back, and the "lookout" opened the door for the officer to step inside, where he placed Dot on her feet.

"List to me, noo, darlin'," he said, and he bent low and whispered in her ear, then pointed to a man who sat back towards them



May puts to bed her Christmas doll.
Watched by the jealous Gyp and Poll.

at the faro-table, nervously watching a double pile of blue-colored chips that lay on a queen of spades.

Suddenly a little childish figure stood by his side, and startled him like an apparition. A tattered woolen shawl fell from around its form, and soft flaxen curls fluttered over his forehead.

A smiling face with trusting eyes looked squarely in his. A tiny

Jem dragged his load of chips off the card and stacked them before him.

"Gimme ernuther pin," he said to Tim, in a hoarse voice, and again the man complied.

Taking the tattered sock in his hand, he closed the rents with the pins and swept his chips inside. Then, pointing to the dealer, he said:

"Here, Dot, is your Christmas present. Go to him and get it cashed. Gentlemen, I've been taught a lesson, and I've played my last card."

A silence fell upon the scene, and naught was heard save the muffled click of the chips as the dealer "sized them up," then, with a muttered curse, thrust their value into the tattered sock.

"Good-by, boys, and merry Christmas to you," said Jem, as he perched Dot on his shoulder and passed through the door.

Five minutes later a yell of disappointment rang through the gamblers' den.

"Boys, the bank's busted!" said the dealer, "and I've gone out of the business for good. That sock was a hoodoo!"

It is now ten years since that eventful night. Jem has not touched a card, and he is never tired of taking Dot on his knee and referring to the time when he was "Saved by a Sock."

JONAS JUTTON'S JAGGLES.

There's heep ob tork erbout capertul an' labor, but I notis every body keeps laboring to be er capertulis.

When I sees er man alwas redin' de nuspapers I knows de sharper kan't wurk no thimbel ri on him.

Er wumen's nursin' often dus more gud

labul, it is simblerkal ob de blind ob Krist, but when you gets tu mutch at de corner grogery its simblerkal ob de devil. De theaters wud do a heep better business if they had er lot ob anermuls, so fokes cud take their childrun tu see 'em.

HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Arabella Topcrust and Cholly Weakpate



Gyp barks with joy to see the doll
Snatched from the crib by angry Poll.

were engaged. Cholly works as clerk in a dry-goods house and sells tape cut on the bias, and Arabella's father is a pork-packer who has higher aspirations for his daughter than to have her marry Cholly.

On Christmas morning Softop met a chum, who displayed an embroidered hat tip his lady had sent him for a Christmas present.

"What did Arabella give you, Cholly?" he asked.

"She gave me the shake, and her old man gave me a boot."

HE'D "COOT THA' ROPE."

A west-bound passenger train was snowed-in near a small mining town and its passengers obliged to spend their Christmas there. During the day one of the party suggested that they should visit an unused mine in the vicinity. As they were passing one of the small shafts a gentleman looked down and in doing so dropped his hat.

"Hold on a minute!" he exclaimed to the rest of the party, who were walking toward the main shaft, "I've lost my hat down this shaft."

"Nivermoind, sorr, ut's not dape at all, at all. O'll sune have it out fer yees," said the Irish guide who accompanied them.

His assistant lowered him into the shaft. Soon a voice from its depths cried:

"O! have it! Pull up, Dinny!"

Dinny had been called away for a moment, and a gentleman of the party had taken charge of the windlass. The man was a member of a minstrel troupe, and an incorrigible practical joker.

"All right, Moike," he said, imitating the voice of the man whom Mike supposed to be at the top of the shaft.

"O! say, Dinny, phawt tha' divil air ye doin'?" shouted Mike, a few moments later.

"Shure, Oim pulling av yees up," replied the minstrel man, as he lowered Mike further down the shaft, and winked at the bystanders.

"Indade yer not; yer hoisting me down, ye blagard!"

"Begorra, O! oughter know; ut's meself as is tamin' tha' crank."

And he hoisted and lowered Mike a half a dozen times more.

"O! say, Dinny, baad scanter yer! Will yer listen ter me a moment, jist?" hallooed Mike from the shaft. "D'ye moind whut O'im after tellin' ye, noo? Ef yees don't lower me oop, by Hivin'! O'll coot tha' rope!"

WANTED TO GRIND HER AXE FIRST.

Rignold—Sister, I think I'll ask pa to-night if he will buy me that five-hundred-dollar chronometer we saw at Benedict's for a Christmas present. I've been playing goody-goody for over a month now.

Sister Arabella—I wouldn't to-night, if I were you, dear. Papa's had a toothache all day, and you know he's cross as a bear when anything ails him.

Rignold—O! mph! If he's got a toothache I'll put it off a week.

Sister Arabella (in the library with pa ten minutes later)—O, you dear, darling pa; you are so tired. You should take some recreation; you need it so much. Why don't you drive out in the afternoon? And if you will buy me that sealskin sacket I could go with you.

ROCKED THE TURKEY ASLEEP.

"Oh, you good-for-nothing wretch!" exclaimed Big William's wife, as she reached her hand out of bed and felt in the cradle to see if the baby was covered up.

"Wash er matter?" murmured Big, as he turned in his sleep.

"Matter enough! Ough you! Wake up and go down-stairs and bring baby up here this minute."

"Did bring him up. He's in the cradle."

"No such a thing. You've drunk too much hard cider. You wrapped the Christmas turkey in laby's blankets an' rocked it to sleep in the cradle, you wretch! And baby is down-stairs on the sofa catching cold."

"THASH ALL."

"Where did you get that turkey you have in your hand, Sim?" said Mrs. Shirinkum, as she entered the house at midnight with a sixteen-pound gobbler whose skin was hanging from his carcass in shreds.

"Won him at er Chrishmush raffle, m' dear. Nishe-tur-tur-bic!—ky. Cosht me four-bic-teen-dollash."

"Well, what is the matter with it? What makes it look so queer?"

"Thash nuthin'. I kn—knoe—hic!—ed a few p—p—pi—hic!—ets off er fenshe wiz him comin' home. Thash all!"

Now Christmas eve the right stocking was never left.

And round the room doth skip and prance, And waits, impatiently, his chance.

THE season of swapping presents is drawing near. The old-time custom of giving to those who could give naught but thanks and gratitude in return had much to commend it.

If the "beft" of the pocket-book was, in every instance, commensurate with the promptings of the heart, what a glorious Christmas it would be for the poor!

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POP-CORN AND CIDER.

A FAIR exchange—The compliments of the season.

A NEW YEAR'S call—Please remit. SAD is the heart that cannot rejoice at Christmas time.

NO STOCKING is so small that Santa Claus will overlook it.

ON Christmas Day, though the turkey's tender, the eaters stuff.

"HAPPY New Year, Judge." "Chestnut, Major."

WHAT though your purse is empty, pray, if hearts are full of joy to-day?

THE same good resolutions made last January will do for this year.

JUST notice how nice your best girl will be from now till after the holiday season.

A CHRISTMAS goose—The man who thinks Santa Claus a fraud.

It is not always the largest stocking which catches the most valuable Christmas gift.

It's a wise husband who prepares to pay for the Christmas gifts received from his dear wife.

SAY not that Christ has been born in your heart if the poor be not borne upon it.

NEW YEAR'S calls will never go out of fashion while there are bill-collectors to make them.

In giving Christmas presents be sure and keep your presence of mind. Don't be extravagant.

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CHRISTMAS DREAMS.

BY EUGENE.

Now by his cot a troop of fairies glide,
Bright fairies neat and trim—



Pile up their gifts waist high on every side,
And, smiling, beckon him.
In dreams he wanders through a palace fair,
And Christmas trees bow low

sweet mouth eloquent with sorrow, and the dark hazel eyes dewy with recent tears. Raymond Kingsley almost crushed the small white hands he held and caused a cry of pain to escape the girl's pale lips. "Oh, my darling! forgive me; my great love has almost driven me beside myself." Then clasping her in his arms he continued: "God knows how I worship you, Lera; I can not give you up! My darling, I can not." His voice trembled with infinite tenderness and love, and he smoothed the dark waves of his darling's hair with a gentle, caressing touch. Lera Grantley was crying softly. She did not love him, but she could not bear to be the cause of his suffering. "Raymond," she said, sadly and sorrowfully, "Raymond, I am truly sorry you love me so much; I am not worthy of it, believe me." "Lera, dearest, I will win your love; only marry me is all I ask. Give yourself to me, my dearest." With all of an ardent lover's eloquence he pleaded. "Oh, Raymond, you do not understand. Would you marry me now, knowing that I have no love to give you?"

will be your wife, Raymond, and, perhaps, some day I will love you as you deserve." The soft hazel eyes, with tears sparkling on their long, curved lashes, were lifted to the handsome, noble face that bent so tenderly over her. As for Raymond Kingsley, he folded her in his arms with a prayer of thankfulness on his lips as he kissed the sweet face he loved so fondly. She did not love him now, but she would love him when once she was his wife. He did not dream that she loved another. He was too honest and unsuspecting for that. All he wished was her love; that was the one bright dream of his life. And some day he felt sure that dream would be realized. A week later Archie Ashton came home, and was very soon informed of Lera's engagement to Raymond Kingsley. He would not credit such a report until he had heard it from her own lips. Then, and not till then, would he believe it. She was sure to be at the ball that evening, and he would see her there. The ball-room was brilliant with lights, and was one bright bower of fragrance and beauty. As Archie Ashton entered, the first person his eyes rested upon was Lera. Lera, leaning on the arm of Raymond Kingsley, looking as beautiful as a dream, in a dainty evening dress of exquisite texture, all light and fleecy, with bare white arms and shoulders. A picture of fair, innocent, girlish beauty was Lera Grantley, and so thought Archie Ashton. He watched his chance, and, as soon as she was seated, made his way to her side. At that instant some one spoke to Raymond, and when Lera raised her eyes they encountered the handsome, smiling face of Archie Ashton. For a moment her heart seemed to stand still; then the crimson blood rushed to her cheeks and she had all she could do to prevent the tears from filling her eyes. "Lera Miss Grantley have you one dance left for me? Am I too presuming to ask for a waltz?" He bent over her in the old familiar way, and his voice sank to a low thrilling whisper. Lera handed him her card, saying: "I think the waltzes are all taken. However, you may have a dance; there must be several unengaged."

Only for a second, then sudden strength came to her, and she wrenched herself away, and stood looking at him, with tears blinding her eyes. "I can but repeat what I have already said. It is too late." "Oh! think, darling, of my great love. Have you no love to give me, Lera? My life is in your hands, to make or mar. You have made a mistake; you do not love Raymond Kingsley. It is not too late, Lera. Be my wife. Do not refuse me." His voice—the voice she loved so well—was husky and shook with emotion. The bright, handsome face was full of love and tenderness; the dark eyes had lost their laughing light, and were filled with a pleading wistfulness. Ah, how her heart yearned toward him! The temptation was terrible. A week ago the knowledge that this man loved her would have made her the happiest woman in the world, and now it made her the most miserable. He loved her, and she must send him away. Her promise had been given to Raymond Kingsley, a true and honorable man, and she would keep that promise, no matter what the cost. Her voice was low and clear as she made reply: "I am Raymond Kingsley's promised wife, and again I tell you it is too late." "Lera! Lera! pity me. You do love me—I feel sure of it." He never forgot the expression of unutterable misery on her face as she turned toward him. "Let this interview end now, Mr. Ashton. My promise once given is irrevocable. I would not be worth the winning if I would betray the man who trusts me." Archie Ashton's face was pale as ashes. He looked imploringly at her while tears gathered in his dark eyes. Lera had risen and was ready to return to the ball-room. He could not let her go out of his life like this. He was sure that he loved her madly, and his love absorbed all his better thoughts. It did not occur to him that he was acting dishonorably in pleading for the love of another man's promised wife. He could see, spite of her efforts to hide it, how much it cost her to appear calm. "Lera," he cried, "the terrible words you have just spoken are but to test my love. You do not mean them. I can not live without you, Lera; do not cast me off for—"

"Mr. Ashton!" Lera's voice sounded cold and calm as she interrupted him. "Mr. Ashton, I shall never alter my determination; and if you continue to talk to me of your love, knowing I am another man's promised wife, I fear I shall lose the respect I have always entertained for you. The music has ceased. Let us return to the ball-room." A sudden agony that was near akin to madness seized upon Archie Ashton, but he could not utter a word the conservatory began to fill with wailing dancers, and it was too late to say more. Recovering himself with a mighty effort, he offered Lera his arm, and they returned to the ball-room. Raymond Kingsley was nowhere to be seen. Archie Ashton resigned Lera to her next partner, bowed low, left the room, and then the house. The rest of the evening Lera appeared the gayest of the gay, but she was conscious of a strange dull pain at her heart. That night, as she lay upon her pillow and thought it over, she felt a thrill of thankfulness that she had remained true to Raymond Kingsley; that the heart that trusted her had not been betrayed. She loved Archie Ashton, despite the fact that she could not admire his character or rely upon his constancy. She did not love Raymond Kingsley, but she could trust him; and that was more than half the happiness of life, although she did not fully realize it then. Was it all her imagination, or did Raymond Kingsley's face look unusually pale as he kissed her good-night? And did he say good-night or good-by? Which? Lera could not tell, and very soon she fell asleep. The next day she understood it all. Instead of Raymond's calling, as he



"MERRY CHRISTMAS."



THE PICTURE ON WHICH HE HAD BEEN AT WORK.

Beneath a load of presents rich and rare,
You've had such dreams, I know.
How lightly rest the fingers of sweet sleep,
Upon the eyes of youth
When from each shadow cunning fairies peep,
And dreams are true as truth;
When all the world is given up to joy,
And each wide chimney hides
A Santa Claus for every anxious boy,
And every girl besides.

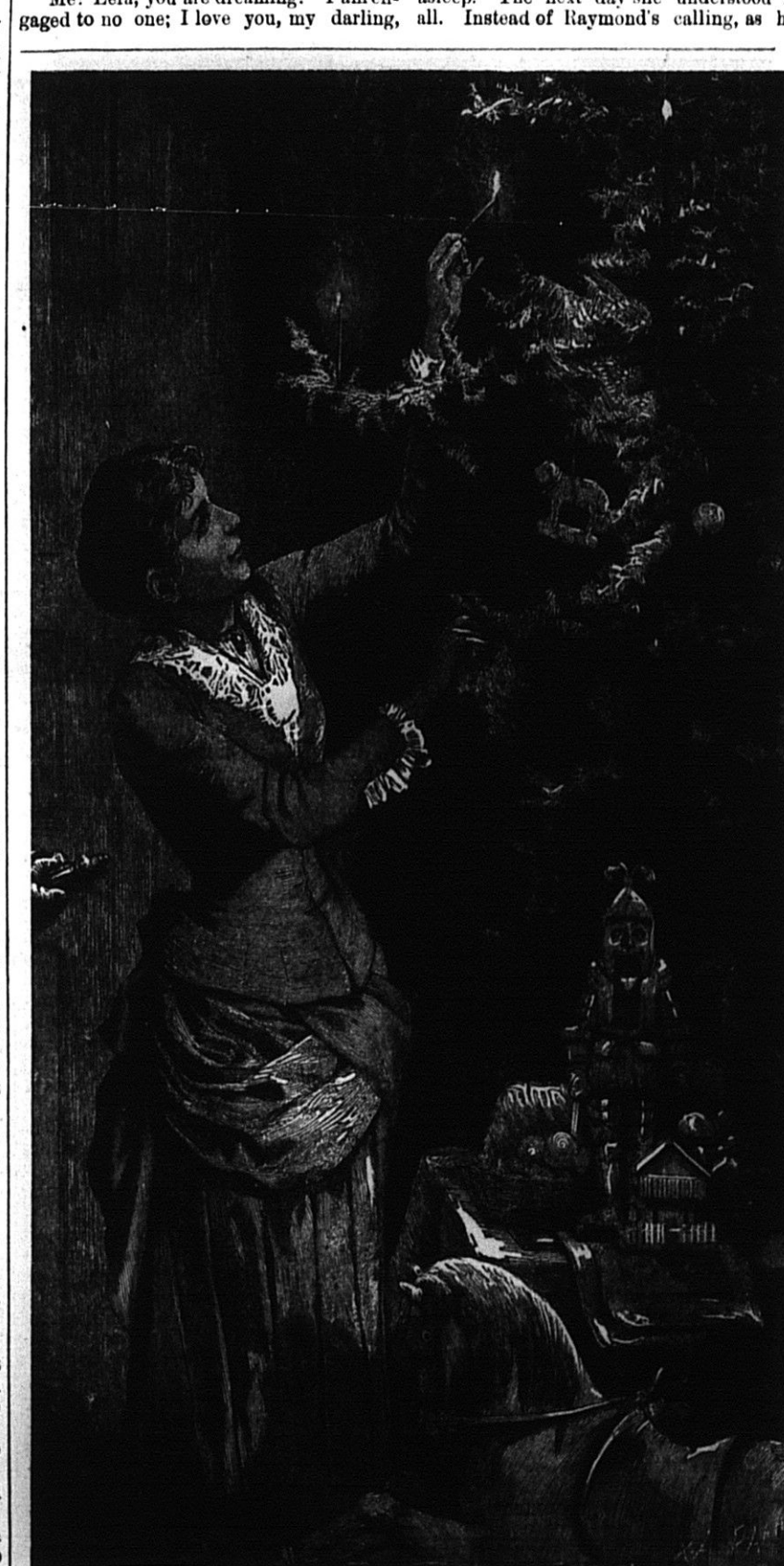
LERA.

A Christmas Story.

BY JEFFIE FORBUSH HANAFORD.

"Only a few more touches, and then it will be complete." The speaker, Raymond Kingsley, stood gazing with a tender light in his honest blue eyes at the picture before him. He was an amateur artist, with much power and genius, that only required study and necessity to give the world a truly great painter. Unfortunately for the world, he was wealthy and in love; consequently he was not very energetic in his study. He was content to follow art simply as an amusement, and satisfied in being able to reproduce on canvas the form and features of the girl he loved, there his ambition ended. The picture, on which he had been hard at work since sunrise, represented a young girl, dressed in a picturesque toboogan costume; her small hands, encased in soft woolly mittens, held a pair of snow-shoes, and at her feet was a toboggan on which were seated two boys, presumably her brothers. The snow lay thick and white upon the ground, and sparkled in the sunlight on the bare branches. The girl's face was full of tenderness and beauty. A soft knit cap sat jauntily upon her shapely head, and contrasted with its waves of dark brown hair, and her eyes, brilliant and loving, had truth beaming in every winsome glance. Raymond Kingsley drew a long breath as he gazed upon the sweet face in the picture. "Oh, Lera, my beautiful, bright-eyed darling, this is just as you looked the day my eyes first rested upon you. I loved you then, and I love you now, my darling, with all the strength of my manhood; and when this picture is completed I shall ask you to become my wife. For your dear sake, with your love to bless me, I might some day make my name famous. Without it—oh! Lera, Lera, my darling, without your love I care not to live." It was Christmas eve. All day long the snow had settled down in soft, delicate flakes, until at six o'clock it ceased. It laid so thick and white that the world seemed half buried beneath a flossy coverlid. The Christmas stars shone in the sky, and the Christmas bells merrily pealed forth. In the little parlor at Mr. Grantley's comfortable home were seated two people, one a young and pretty girl. She was pretty, because dark, lustrous eyes, wavy brown hair and a soft, blush-rose complexion made her so. Her girlish figure was full of graceful curves, and looked very small and slight in a dress of black lace with a bodice of dotted black net. But hark! she is speaking. "Raymond, dear friend, forgive me. I can not marry you; for I do not love you." The girl's voice was low and sad, the

"Lera, dear one, I love you with all my heart and soul, and I would marry you tomorrow—yes, now, this moment, if I could." There was deep silence for an instant, then Lera said: "Supposing I should marry you, Raymond, and never love you. Could you be happy then?" Raymond Kingsley drew in his breath with a sharp cry, then he answered: "My all-absorbing love for you, my Lera, must and will win your love in return. Only marry me, and I will be content to wait until my patient love shall reap its own reward." Raymond's face was deathly white as he awaited her reply. "Poor Lera! how could she tell him that her love was given long ago to handsome, careless Archie Ashton, a man who had never asked her to love him. He had never hinted as to whether or not he loved her, it was true; but he had looked it, and always seemed happy when in her company. His eyes were a tender, softened look in their clear, laughing depths that she never saw in them at any other time. Ah! she loved Archie better than any one else in the wide world. The sound of his voice was the sweetest music on earth to her, and one glance from his dark eyes would send the bright blushes into her cheeks, and the touch of his hand filled her with unspeakable happiness. Could she tell all this to Raymond Kingsley? tell him that if Archie Ashton had asked her to marry him she would have answered yes, but that he had not and never would? He was out of town, had been away for a fortnight, and only the day before he left she had seen him driving, and beside him, smiling into his face, was the most beautiful woman she had ever seen. A bewitching blonde beauty, all velvet and seal-skin, bright eyes, and sunny golden hair. Her clear, silvery laughter mingled with the chime of the sleigh-bells as they glided by, so absorbed in themselves that poor Lera was unnoticed. With trembling hands she had pulled down her veil to hide her burning tears. Two ladies were walking directly ahead of her, laughing and talking loud enough for her to hear. "Archie Ashton's new lady-love! Beautiful, isn't she?" "What a flirt he is!" remarked her companion. "I really thought he had made up his mind to marry Lera Grantley; he has been quite devoted to her of late." "All that will end now," said the first speaker, "for he is engaged to be married to the lady with whom he is riding. She is visiting at his house. I received my information direct from a member of the family." Just then Lera reached her own gate and entered. She could not tell Raymond this. In an instant her resolution was formed. She would marry Raymond, and crush her love for Archie Ashton out of her heart forever. She would give herself to Raymond, and try to make him happy. Once married, she might forget Archie. All this passed like a flash through Lera Grantley's mind as she stood by Raymond Kingsley's side and listened to his pleadings for her love. She did not know, poor girl, that marriage with another could not blot out the past, that marriage without love could result only in unendurable, never-ending misery for both. Very soft and low came her reply: "I



MAMMA LIGHTS THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

and I—I thought you cared for me. You knew I loved you, Lera." "You never said so," was the quiet reply. "Not in words, it is true, Lera; but, my darling, I love you with all my strength, and I want you for my wife." "It is too late," she said, gently. "God help me, if this is your answer. Lera!" he whispered, hurriedly, and his arms were around her, and for an instant she was clasped to his heart. had been in the habit of doing, he sent a letter containing his farewell. It ran as follows: LERA: My dearest, my love (for the last time I call you mine). I was in the conservatory last evening, Lera, and heard Archie Ashton tell you of his love. Then, and not till then, did I realize the awful possibility that you loved another. For my sake, darling, you were strong and true. And now, dear, for your sake, I will be generous, and give you back your freedom. I am going away, Lera, and you will soon forget me. Perhaps it is better so. I do

not blame you; you could not help loving him. I only pray God he will make your life a happy one. I knew you did not love me, Lera, but I had hoped to win your love. I know now it can never be. God bless you, Lera, my darling, and farewell—forever. RAYMOND KINGSLEY. Before Lera had finished the first few lines, she hurried to her room, and locking the door, threw herself on the bed in a passion of sobs and tears. "Oh, Raymond, Raymond! it is you I love. I did not know it until now. I love you, and I have lost you." Springing to her feet, she paced up and down the room. What should she do? Perhaps, after all, it was not too late, if she could only see him; but no! A letter! Why not write a letter and send it to his house by one of her brothers? It was a good idea, and she acted upon it. The note was soon written, and calling her brother, she said: "Run, Bertie, and take this, as quickly as you can, to Raymond. Hurry, that's a dear boy." And Bertie did hurry. He ran all the way, as fast as his little fat legs would carry him through the snow, and he met Raymond Kingsley just as he was starting for the depot. When he looked up and saw Bertie Grantley flying down the street toward him, his first thought was that something had happened to Lera. He sprang forward to meet him, and his voice trembled as he said: "Bertie, in Heaven's name! what has happened? Tell me, quickly." But poor Bertie could not speak, for the simple reason that he was all out of breath, so he handed Raymond the letter and began stamping the snow off his boots. Only a few words, but they made Raymond Kingsley the happiest man in the world. DEAREST RAYMOND: You were mistaken; it is you I love, and if you go away I shall die. LERA. "I will return with you, Bertie, my boy," he said. And he started with strides down the street, and Bertie trudging along by his side. Lera met them at the door, and throwing her arms around Raymond's neck, gave him, not only one, but a dozen kisses unasked, as she whispered: "How could I tell I should love thee to-day, Whom that day I held not dear? How could I know I should love thee away, When I did not love thee near?" "Mamma, when will you light the Christmas tree? We are so tired waiting." "Just as soon as papa comes, Ray." The voice is sweet, low, and strangely familiar. Yes, we are not mistaken. It is Lera. And as the door opens to admit the husband and father, we recognize Raymond Kingsley. It is Christmas eve, and the world without is wrapped in a misty shroud of snow, bright, sparkling and clear. Within all is happiness and love. Three beautiful children scamper across the bright carpet as their father enters, and the youngest, a bright little boy with his mother's dark eyes and a sweet laughing face, says: "Oh, papa, I want to see the Trismas tree." "So you shall, my boy; so you shall. Mamma must hurry and light it, before we grow tired waiting." "An' 'ten us see mamma light ve tittle candles on ve tree, papa?" exclaimed Ray, the eldest, in great excitement. Raymond Kingsley slipped his arm lovingly around his wife and kissed her ere he replied: "Yes, my darlings, we will all watch mamma while she lights the Christmas tree; and may we have many a happy Christmas together in the years to come."

WRITTEN BY A TEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL.

A sailor came home from the East Indies on the night before Christmas and presented his sister with an owl and a talking parrot. The pair had hung in the captain's cabin during the home voyage, which was the skipper's honeymoon, and had picked up stray bits of conversation. While the sailor and the family were eating their Christmas dinner, they were astonished at the manner in which the loquacious parrot handled English. "Let's kiss!" exclaimed the parrot. "Whoo!" hooted the owl. "Not you, you ogle-eyed tooter," replied Polly. After a few minutes Polly said: "Throw up a later." "To-who?" asked the owl. "Me, of course. Dash my grog! If you're hungry go to a Chinese laundry and eat. Rat-eaters don't keep Christmas."

HE WAS INSIGNIFICANT.

"Arabella," said Cholly Softop to Miss McFlopley, "d'it you ever notice that some people are amused with very little and insignificant things?" "Are they? Well, you must feel amused continually, then." "How so?" "Why, you are with yourself so much of the time."

THE EVE OF LOVE.

BY CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.

Deck the boughs so green and fragrant,
Let the waxen tapers flame,
Praise, ye men, from king to vagrant,
Sing sweet praises to His name!
Pile the blazing fagots higher,
Let the gayest chimneys roar,
String the harp and tune the lyre—
Angels tap at every door.
Soft the day of peace is breaking,
Greatest day of all the year,
And the Graces, sure o'ertaking,
Flood the world with love and cheer.
Happy, bright-faced children gather
Round the smiling mother's knee;
From his chair the proud-eyed father
Looks on all complacently—
Looks on all and silent listens
To the voice of Memory dear,
In his eye the teardrop glistens,
And his heart, devoid of fear,
Pensive grows as he is sitting,
Sitting in the firelight's glow,
And the Christmas sprites are flitting,
Flitting, flitting to and fro.

"TANT I STAY WAKE?"

"Mamma, tant I stay 'wake to thee old Santa Claus?"
"Thous?"
"Oo said last year, if I was dood."



Perhaps vis year, ven he tum round,
Ood let me, if oo tood.
"My pet, lie down and close your eyes—
He'll come when you're asleep;
And if he thought you watched for him,
You'd never get a peep."

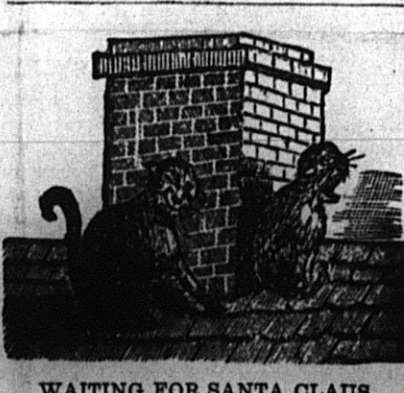
THE BOARDER'S SOCK.

The star-boarder on Christmas hung up an old sock,
And the boarder-house missis put it in a rock;
Then the serving-maid thought she would not be out-
So she stole to the sock and thrust in a bun.
Now, the boarder, awaking, dressed up in the night,
And expectant slipped slyly down stairs with a light;
Then he boldly walked in with the air of a lord,
And there pinned to his sock was a bill for his board.

HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENCE.



"Aren't you going to give me anything for Christmas, this year, Job?" asked young millionaire Asset's wife. "I cannot afford it, my dear; the money market is too tight." "There isn't much difference between you and the money market in that respect. Shall you remain at home on Christmas?" "I don't know." "I trust you may. Your presence in the house will save me from having no presents at all."



WAITING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

NELLY AND SANTA CLAUS.

BY ANNA CERE, FRITSCH.

"Tis Christmas eve and bed-time. Now at their mother's knee
The children all are wondering what their Christmas gifts will be.
See the line of stockings, hung where falls the ruddy freight glow,
That guides good Santa's footsteps, and his reindeer o'er the snow."

"I hope he'll bring a rocking-horse," says Willie, "for us boys."
"And cradles, dolls and dishes and a lot of pretty toys,
Christmas Jenny; but with thoughtful face our little, blue-eyed Nell
Asks: 'Mamma, where does Santa Claus get all his cash, please tell?'"

"In Santa's arctic, ice-bound home a fairy queen doth dwell."
Replies mamma, "A kindly heart, who loves all children well."
Old Santa is her god-son. At his cradle thus she speaks
To him in this: "Take this magic purse; to him my gift will be."

"When this boy has grown to manhood's years and stands in need of gold,
It will never fail to give him all his pockets both can hold."
"But, mamma, Tom and Bessie Brown, who live across the way,
Always find their stockings empty, on the morn of Christmas day."

Since their papa died, Does Santa Claus forget them, mamma, tell
Why does he pass them by?" with puzzled look asks little Nell
"My child, perhaps good Santa Claus, who leaves within our door
So many gifts, desires you to share them with the poor."

"Then, mamma, will you wake me when you hear his sleigh-bells ring?
I will give him Tom's and Bessie's share of all that he may bring."
"I will, my dear," says mamma, as she strokes the curly head,
And the children soon are tucked away and sound asleep in bed."

And this the story told by Nell on the morn of Christmas day:
"Mamma forgot to call me, and so Santa rode away.
But I think his sleigh-bells woke me, and I hurried to the door;
For I heard his reindeer scampering o'er the crisp snow so near."

"Ere I reached the door, 'twas opened just a little, and a hand
Thrust in a little ways—of course, you understand!
It was the hand of Santa Claus, and he waited for me there,
To lay within his big fur glove Tom's and Bessie's rightful share."

"And I gave him of the presents what I thought would do them good:
Charlie's cap and overcoat and Jenny's fur-trimmed hood,
My seal-skin coat and white silk mitts I sent them with my love;
But the glove on Santa's hand looked just like papa's own skin glove!"

MABEL'S CHRISTMAS BATH.

By Bert Hendricks.

The "Ice Queen" was the rather fanciful title which ten-year-old Mabel Heath had been given by the boys and girls of the little Maine village near which she lived. She was passionately fond of skating, and her skill in that line was something wonderful. In fact, there were very few skaters of twice her age who could be compared to her. Mabel knew this, and she bore her queenly title with an air of superiority which was rather amusing to see.

But that one afternoon's skating! It was a Christmas ten years ago, and though Mabel is now a young lady, full grown, she has never forgotten, and probably never will forget, the events of that afternoon.

For weeks she had been preparing for that Christmas. For was not her particular friend, Bessie Seymour, to give a grand party that night? The youthful society of the village and surrounding country had been anticipating the affair with not a little pleasure. Papa Seymour had engaged two musicians to furnish music for the dancing part of the fun, and Mamma Seymour had provided a store of cakes and candies and fruits and everything else that ought to make up a Christmas night feast.

But that morning Mabel's big brother Jack fell sick. It was horrid, of course, to have such a thing happen on a Christmas day, and Mabel really felt very sorry for Jack. But she felt ten times more wretched when her mother said to her:

"Mabel, I hardly see how you can go to that party to-night. Jack is sick. I don't see who is going to drive you over to Squire Seymour's this afternoon."

"Oh, mamma," half sobbed the child, tears welling to her eyes. "I can't give up that party. Isn't there some way?"

"My darling," the mother said, "I know it will be a terrible disappointment. But you know we live so far out of town that it is almost three miles over to Seymour's. I couldn't think of letting you tramp clear over there in this snow."

"I can't give it up, I can't give it up," said the child, tearfully; "and, mamma," she continued, brightening up, "I've thought of a plan of getting over there. I can skate over. You know the river runs almost past our house, and I can skate nearly to Bessie's house. Oh, mamma, please let me," she said, as she saw that her mother hesitated. "You know I can skate so fast."

"But are you sure the ice is firm?" asked her mother, anxiously.
"Of course it is," said Mabel, nodding her head emphatically. "Wasn't I on it almost all day yesterday?"

Her mother finally consented to the plan, and so, late that afternoon, well wrapped in her little fur cloak and muffler, and with her skates tightly strapped to her feet, she started out.

"I hope the dear child will enjoy herself," said Mrs. Heath, turning to her work with a sigh. She was thinking of that Christmas day five years before when her husband, in a drunken fit of anger, had left her and his two children and wandered away. He had not returned, and the neighbors said "Good riddance to the drunken wretch!" But the wife thought differently, and hoped that some day he might come back.

"Come, Bob," shouted the child to the small dog which had been her companion almost from her babyhood. "Now we're going to start! Ready!" And away she glided from the banks, followed by her shaggy four-footed friend.

Down the river they flew toward the village. For the first few moments all went well, and Mabel felt more than happy in the keen, cold air. "We'll soon be there, Bob," she said to her companion, who found it hard work to keep up with his young mistress.

"Hark! What's that?" she added, as a sound fell on her ear.

Again she heard the crackling noise. Surely the ice could not be giving way!

She skated faster and faster, hoping to reach a more secure stretch of ice, for she began to realize that the glassy surface of the river was bending and rolling under the motion of her skates like a huge piece of paper. Faster and faster she sped, fear making her forget the tired feeling that was creeping over her. She was afraid to go ashore, for she realized that if the ice were weak anywhere it would be near the edges. And the river was very deep, even close to the shore.



DOWN THE RIVER THEY FLEW TO THE VILLAGE.

Again that crackling sound! This time it was louder than before. It was growing dark, and Mabel could see the lights flashing out here and there in the village, which lay only a short distance away.

Suddenly she felt the ice give away. With a loud crash it broke, and Mabel was in the black, cold water.

She clutched at the ice and tried to raise herself out of the water. The ice broke, and she fell back. Again she tried to save herself. Once more the ice gave way. She was becoming numb. Was this her last Christmas, she thought.

"Oh, Bob!" screamed the child, "suddenly thinking of the dog and hoping that in some way he might save her. But no Bob came. She closed her eyes and sank."

"Just in the nick of time!" exclaimed a man, as he pulled the limp, unconscious form out of the air-hole. "Lucky thing that dog acted so suspiciously, tugging at my coat, that I knew something was wrong. Well, well, little girl," he continued, as Mabel opened her eyes, "you had a close call; no mistake about that."

He carried her quickly to the shore, and soon they were both safe on land, though how they escaped going through the frail ice, which had been weakened that morning by a thaw, neither ever knew.

"What's your name, little girl?" asked her new-found friend. He was odd-looking, very rough, and rather shabbily dressed. But the child took a liking to him from the first.

"Mabel Heath, sir," she replied.
"Mabel Heath?" said the stranger, his voice trembling. "Tell me, child, where do you live? Is your mother alive?"

And as she answered these questions the girl saw that his eyes were filled with tears. She wondered why it was.

Perhaps you think Mabel missed that party. You do? Well, you're much mistaken. Her strange companion took her to Squire Seymour's, carried her indoors, and suddenly disappeared, after a hasty goodbye. When the chorus of "Oh's" and "ah's" from her juvenile friends was over, Mabel was snugly fitted out in one of Bessie's dresses, and thoroughly toasted before a roasting fire. In a wonderfully short time she was her own lively self again.

As for the party, Mabel enjoyed it just as much as though she had not taken that cold plunge bath. Games followed the dancing, and then came the supper. Mabel, of course, was the heroine of the evening. She didn't go home that night, but early the next morning she trudged home through the snow, on her arm a basket of good things, left over from the feast, for Jack and her mother. When she reached home she was surprised to find that both of them already knew of her strange escape from death.

"Why, who told you about it, mamma?" asked the child, wondering.

"It was your father, Mabel, the father whom your adventure was the means of sending back to us."

And then the door opened, and Mabel saw her father—the stranger who had saved her.

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

By C. R. Crespi.

It had long been understood, although the arrangement was tacit, that when Basil Giles and his cousin Leslie Damer should attain the ages respectively of twenty-five and twenty their families should be still more closely allied by the marriage of the two—only son and only daughter of their houses. As a child Leslie had been at school, so that when she returned home after being thoroughly finished by a tour of the continent with her friends the Rossiturs, she met young Giles for the first time since those early days in which life had been a mere thoughtless dream of happiness.

He had driven down from "The Towers" to meet her at the station, and as the train slowed up she from her window had a good view of him as he stood upon the platform, a pleasant-faced young man with keen blue eyes and a sunny smile. As she slowly descended from the coach, she found him ready with outstretched hands to greet her.

"Consin Leslie," he said, in his clear pleasant voice; "I knew you at once, you see, although my last recollection of you was as a little girl in short white frocks and long flaxen curls."

"And mine of you," looking up with soft dark eyes which were full of a sweet indefinable charm, "was not so—picturesque. I remember you as a very little boy with a strong propensity for getting into mischief and issuing therefrom with the dirtiest of dirty faces."

He laughed as he helped her into the phaeton and tucked the robe carefully over her dark green gown, with its trimmings of soft furs; then he took his seat

mother; her whole heart has been set too long upon joining—"

"Our two estates," put in the girl coolly. "Yes, I understand; but I will end all that if you will only aid me. You have merely to refuse to fulfill your part of the contract."

"I could not be so ungallant, cousin."
"And then the matter is at an end," went on the young lady without heeding his interruption. "I have a wretched temper; tell your mother you hate a virago, and I will treat you to a scene or two."

"No need to go quite so far. Only may I ask you a question? Have you—are you—"

She smiled mischievously. "Yes; I have, and I am. I have met a—a person to whom I have engaged myself. The murder is all out, Basil—only promise to keep my secret until I am my own mistress, and—"

"Or until I give you up," he said gravely, and a little regretfully; for the bright, mischievous smile and soft dark eyes had made their usual impression. He sighed, and turned his ponies into the avenue.

"You would like to be down until dinner, I suppose," said Mrs. Giles, a little anxiously.

"No, thanks; I would prefer a dance. Nothing rests me so thoroughly as a long, slow waltz when I am tired."

"The blue room; oh, Aunt Margaret, how completely you must have forgotten my complexion! I am quite too pale—but never mind, I suppose I can bear it."

This was the beginning; by the end of the week poor Mrs. Giles would follow her son's movements with anxious eyes and a deep sense of relief if she saw him pass his cousin without lingering at her side.

Still, the estates were contiguous, and the arrangements made between the two fathers must hold good. The girl could not marry without her aunt's consent before reaching the age of twenty-five in case she refused to become her cousin's wife; and Mrs. Giles fully intended that the affair should be consummated long before that time.

By the week before Christmas the Towers was overflowing with guests, and in their honor Mrs. Giles was compelled to waive her own prejudices and give over the house to her niece and her niece's young friends.

The Rossiturs of Glen Dale had asked leave to bring with them their distant relative and friend—Colonel Bryan, an officer who had distinguished himself in the

of prudence and solemnize a real marriage."

The dressing bell rang and as the party trooped out of the room Leslie turned with an almost imperceptible motion of the hand to Colonel Bryan. As the last one disappeared behind the silken portiere, he rose and with one movement knelt beside the girl.

"Have you the answer for me that I wish, Leslie? Time presses, and we gain nothing. Let it be as I ask you, dear; you will never repent."

"But it was my father's desire, Victor, and I cannot decide to oppose him and my aunt; you understand, I am sure. I have told her that I cannot fulfill that absurd condition, but I could not tell her anything else. She does not know that—"

She broke down and laid her hot cheek upon his shoulder. Alas, for Mrs. Giles and her cherished hopes!

After a little while he lifted up her lovely face with its sweet quivering lips.

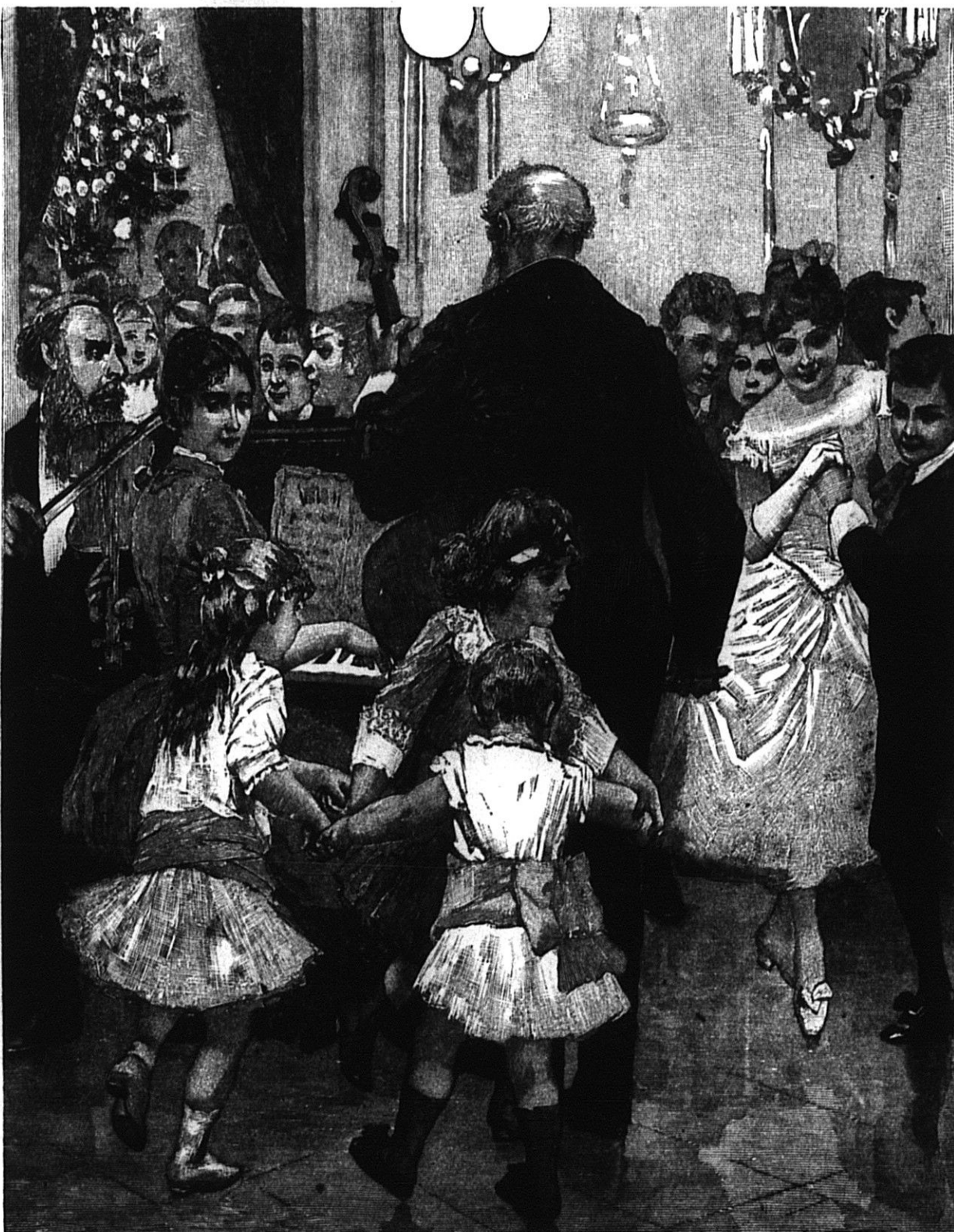
"I have a plan, dear, if you will only consent to it. As far as I can see, the matter is simply that Mrs. Giles is your guardian until you are twenty-five in case you refuse to marry your cousin on your twentieth birthday. That day is just three months off, and I am ordered to leave at once for a warmer climate. I must go, and yet I cannot leave you. Will you come with me, Leslie?"

"You see that I cannot."
"I would not ask you to leave your aunt's roof, dear, without her consent; but if that is secured, will you marry me and go with me to Spain at once?"

"You know that I would go," she answered, "but you cannot obtain her consent."

The next morning some one brought out his collection of autographs for general admiration, and one after another wrote his name and tried his hand at copying some famous signature for the mere sake of killing time. Mrs. Giles wrote a rather peculiar hand and was somewhat proud of her unique manner of signing herself, so she willingly acceded to the many requests for her autograph. Colonel Bryan was the last one to ask for it, and he apologized for asking her to write immediately below his own name—but he had heard some one say that their style was something alike."

This produced a chorus of laughter, in the midst of which he escaped from the room into the library, where, for an hour or more, he was engaged in earnest conversation with Basil and Leslie; later,



MABEL AT BESSIE'S PARTY.

beside her, and gathering up the reins, touched Topsy lightly with the whip.

Now and then he glanced a little curiously at the fair, pale face so near him—a delicate face, with velvety brown eyes, framed in a clustering mass of short golden hair; she had a dainty mouth, too, with thin, flexible lips, a very lurking place for smiles. He thought that he stole those glances unobserved, and was therefore a little startled to hear, softly uttered, "Well, cousin, and how do you like me?"

"I am not the exception to prove the rule," he answered gayly. "I like you as you should be liked. Does not that say enough?"

"Thanks; I am glad you like me, because, I dare say, I am going to shock you horribly, but a beautiful candor is my leading charm. I like you so well already that I want you to join me in an alliance, offensive and defensive, against all those silly persons who would make us hate each other. It is possible that a little more modesty might be better here; but the truth is that I have no intention of allowing your mother to parade this poor orphan girl at every tea and dinner party in the county, with meaning whispers and smiles that cannot fail to call attention to that absurd stipulation in our respective fathers' wills. Do you want to be my friend, Basil?"

"Of course I do."

"Then, if you do, be good enough to tell your mother to-day that we neither of us intend to have any more nonsense of that sort. I, for one, will have none of it. It was bad enough at school to be called Rosa. And by the girls; but now, as a young woman in society, I have no wish to be an object of sentimental interest to half the old gossips in this humdrum place."

"But, seriously, cousin Leslie, I am not such a bad fellow, after all. You might, to use the homely old saying, go farther and fare—"

"Worse? Well, at least let me go a little farther first. To be candid, you know, you would never suit me—you are too fair. I like black men. And a swift wave of color swept over her delicate cheek.

"But I am afraid you don't know my

Soudan; a man of most noble appearance and manner—a man whom the gay young people immediately resigned to Leslie, since from their first meeting the two appeared to find their greatest pleasure in each other's society.

Gay Rossiturs was Leslie's bosom friend, all the more devoted because, in secret, she had set her heart upon Leslie's supposed fiancé; but, of course, being such confidential friends, Miss Damer knew of this. At any rate, they were so inseparable that Mrs. Giles found it her duty to admonish her niece in regard to her conduct toward her other guests.

They were all in the library one afternoon discussing the manner in which the festival week should be observed.

One man, a young clergyman and the gayest and brightest of the number, suggested private theatricals, and then amused the entire party by his accounts of how he had once taken the part of a young and blushing maiden—"merely because of my fair hair and innocent face," he said to Leslie, at whose feet he was lounging in very unclerical attitude on the hearth rug; "though some one remarked that I played the part to perfection because—well, if you will have it—because I really am so bashful. For my part, I prefer to enact the warrior; I feel so altogether a dashing mil-litaire."

"You can't be more than a hunting parson," put in Gay Rossiturs. "How I would love to see you in the pulpit in surplice and spurs! Don't be shocked, Mrs. Giles; I really would enjoy myself immensely. But, talking about charades and tableaux, I must be permitted to arrange one scene entirely myself. I have a lovely white satin gown and we have a clergyman; why not combine the two and have a marriage scene for one tableau? What is the use of a clergyman if we can't make him more than ornamental? You agree with me, do you not, Mr. Roche?"

A chorus of laughing voices rose at once, some in favor of the plan, others in opposition. But the girl carried the day. "Only mind, Mr. Roche," she said, lightly, "that in your zeal you do not overstep the bounds

he left for a hurried trip to London, returning the next afternoon triumphant and light-hearted."

The day before Christmas eve, the night selected for the private theatricals, Leslie made one last effort. She appealed to her aunt, but in vain. Her protestations that Basil joined with her in objecting to the contract were received with contempt.

"I understand the matter thoroughly, girl," Mrs. Giles said, icily. "You have worked upon your cousin's kind heart to such a degree that he is willing to do anything for you. I cannot force you to marry him, of course, but I can and will prevent your marrying anyone else for five years."

"You may do as you please," the girl said, scornfully; "only I should have too



Gobble, obble, obble! See him run away. Ah! you know we're fattening you to eat on Christmas Day!

Gobble, obble, obble, gob, ob, ob! Gobble, obble, obble, gob, ob, ob! No use to talk that way to us, And kick up such a dreadful fuss; For you'll be caught when you're expecting 'least—"

Next time we meet you'll be our Christmas feast."

much pride to force my son upon any woman who did not care for him—simply for the sake of increasing the importance of the family by annexing a few more miserable acres of land to the estate."

It was Christmas eve, the great dining-room gayly decorated and for the time given up to the young people, who sang and danced to their hearts' content during the early part of the evening.

The stage that had been erected at the upper end of the room lacking nothing in the way of drop scene, footlights, and so on. All the county families whose names were on the visiting list of the Towers had been bidden to the theatricals and to the dance afterward, and already carriage after carriage had deposited its load of gaily middle-aged and fair be-mustached youth.

The last scene was to be the most beautiful of all the entertainment, and as a set piece it was, indeed, a success. It was Gay Rossiturs' bridal tableau, and when the curtain rose Leslie in flowing white veil, traditional orange-blossoms, and all, stood with hand lightly held in Colonel Bryan's, Basil, as best man, looking with a comical mixture of amusement and dismay at the charming bridesmaid, in snowy silk, with white roses in her dark hair; and it was impossible not to observe the twinkle in the parson's Irish blue eyes, as he confronted the audience in all the dignity of freshly starched surplice.

Then the curtain fell, and the admiring friends applauded in the usual conventional manner; after which Mrs. Giles led the way into the drawing-rooms. Later came Basil and Gay, looking uncommonly happy, yet rather too guilty to "escape notice. Still, they joined in the dances, and it was only after some allusion had been made to the absence of Leslie and Colonel Bryan, that Mrs. Giles, at a signal from her son, followed him into the library, where were seated the missing ones and the parson. Leslie had resumed her evening dress, but her delicate cheeks were so much flushed that her aunt at once commented upon her not having removed her stage rouge. But this deepened the color, and she almost unconsciously drew nearer to the clergyman. He smiled reassuringly, and led his hostess to a seat.

"My dear madam," he said, quietly, "I hope you will thank me for having aided you in making two of our friends happy. By virtue of my office, I finished the ceremony which you admired so much. Colonel, I am sure you can easily make your peace. You see, Mrs. Giles, you signed your name to your consent to this—this entanglement."

"All's fair in love and war," put in Basil, gayly; "and, mother dear, Colonel Bryan is both a lover and a warrior."

Mrs. Giles was a wise woman in her generation, and she did not wish only a wise woman could have done—she held her tongue. "Colonel Bryan had been ordered away for his health, you know, and both he and dear Leslie were always so romantic. She was happy to announce the engagement of her son to Miss Rossiturs. Such a delightful consummation of her dearest hopes! They had been attached to each other since they were mere children. Yes, dear Leslie was going away for the rest of the winter. Her husband's health left much to be desired. Active service in the Sudan, you know." And so on.

"Dear Leslie," since she is happy, can afford to smile, though she tells her husband that he is not so much a brave warrior as an unprincipled strategist.



SHE TRUDGED HOME THROUGH THE SNOW.